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No. 443

THE SHRINES OF SONG.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Open the gates to the unseen land,
Oh! guardian angel of time!
I almost hear on the shadowy strand
The sound of a mystical chime.
Over the waves of the river of sin,
Come to this earthly shore,
And thy wistful shall bear me in
To the golden glory of the Evermore.
A shadow came over my weary eyes—
A halo of dreamland peace—
Like the setting sun in the summer skies
To the tired day gives sweet release.
The fairest of cities rose up to my view,
With palaces peaceful and white,
And under the shade where the lindens grew,
Bright flowerets gleamed in the purple light.
In bright festoons the amaranth hung,
Above on the branches of green;
In every tower soft music was rung
From a chorus of bells unseen.
Close by a stream in this city of gold
A temple arose in the sunset bright;
Above it the clouds like chariots rolled,
And glittered like stars in the arctic night.
There came to me then a fair white form—
"This is the shrine of song," she said,
And like the sunbeams after a storm,
A brighter look her face o'erspread.
"Forth from those towers perpetual song
Flows free as the mountain streams;
Glorious visions the mind doth throne,
And break o'er the soul ecstatic themes."
"Hither the minstrels of earth do come,
And donning their crowns of gold,
They echo their songs from turret to dome,
And sweep their harps as in times of old."
"E'en as she spoke, from out the shrine
There rolled a tide of heavenly song,
And the silver bells from the tower's chime
Echoed their strains as they flowed along."
"Here I will stay!" to my guide I said;
"Here every grief I'll forget!"
But softly she placed her hand on my head
And whispered: "Oh! child of earth, not yet!"
The vision was ended; my dream was o'er;
I awoke to walk again
On the flinty rocks of an earthly shore,
That echo with shrieks of pain.

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE; OR, THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.

BY A. P. MORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SPINX," "SILVER
SERPENT," "THE CHIEF OF THE CHIEFS,"
"STAR OF DIAMONDS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI. THE DEATH-CART.

The Death-cart of Pierre Plaque came gliding noiselessly along at full speed, a lean black horse stretching his lank legs in a breakneck trot, as if to cut a path directly through the closely-packed humans crowding about it. This valiant steed, mounted entirely black and highly polished, mounted on two tall black wheels having long, thin spokes and broad tires; the top of the affair being open and tilted toward the rear, like an ordinary cart. Inside was a stool also black; across the front a black plank seat; and on this sat Pierre Plaque holding and jerking a pair of black reins that terminated, amid profusion of plain black harness, at the curb of a black bit.

Pierre Plaque wore a cone-shaped soft woolen cap of black, which dangled and bobbed behind in an immense button. He wore no coat, but a black vest flapped open, and under the vest a black cloth shirt buttoned tight up in the throat. His skinny legs, in black, shrunken pants, were drawn up until his heels pressed the front-board of the cart and his toes projected like two spear-points. His fingers, with arms extended, twined, like a bunch of bleached eels, even fiercely round the reins. One eye, from the effect of a deep scar thereon, was widely distended and seemed to look far to the front; the other eye, small, keen and shrewd, appeared to take in every object near. His forehead was high, nose hooked, chin disfigured by a monstrous wart, and this wart danced up and down as his cadaverous mouth opened and shut, while he screamed shrilly:

"Make way, there! make way! Where is Jean Arnold, the detective? Where is Jean Arnold, the detective? Coming thus suddenly and unexpected, and so grotesque in appearance, and as if from the center of the flames that a few seconds past had deluged the air with heat, smoke and smell—for these flames were now panting themselves out—Pierre Plaque reminded one of a diminutive devil rising and scuttling from the regions of perdition, whose brimstone fires he breathed and lived in.

But the swift, noiseless black Death-cart, and the ogling one eye of the shriveled driver crouched upon the seat, at once betrayed the familiar presence of this recent introduction by order of General Cluseret, and the words with which the ugly anatomy greeted the mass of men and women, were taken up and echoed furiously.

"Where is Jean Arnold, the detective? Bring him out that we may strangle him!"
"Hold hard, Pierre Plaque!" cried the burly fellow who had figured upon the hoghead, checking the snorting horse by a gripe that nearly threw the animal backward. "Hold! there is time enough for Jean Arnold!"

"But you were right on his heels—he could not get away!" squealed Pierre Plaque.
"True. He is now in that abominable restaurant, where he shall presently tear to the ground if he does not come out!"

At this juncture the disguised negro wearing the turban and carrying the cineter, who happened near the Death-cart when it stopped, flourished his weapon aloft, and shouted:

"Death to Jean Arnold! Down with the detective!" which was repeated by a hundred screeching throats.

"We have caught another as good," continued the burly Frenchman, who mounted his hold upon the bit while he spoke with Pierre Plaque.



Not far in the rear of these two riders, sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit.

"Oh! another as good!" echoed the Death-cart driver, cracking his knuckles in evident glee; then he stood up on the seat, rubbing the sides of his hooked nose with thumb and finger, and casting his small, keen one eye hither and thither, as if in search of the "other as good."

"Who is he? Where is he? We shall have him in my Death-cart in a trice, and take him a jolly ride before we spike his head on one of the barricades. Oh! by the bones of the catacombs! I see you have not got him yet." And then for the first time he noticed the body of men surging before the doorway, heard the pistol-shots of the assailed detective, and the sullen murmur that demanded vengeance on Franz Edouin.

Franz had not been idle. His revolvers, of finest American make, were belching to the right and to the left, and several dead bodies were strewn prone around him, as if, indeed, he would carry out his threat to build a rampart of corpses as high and as strong as the front of Mont Valerien.

"Hob-o!" piped the Death-cart driver, now beginning to caper in excitement, "Franz Edouin is a good catch. At him, my brothers! Mind not those little barkers. Hand him to me. I have heard much of but never saw this redoubtable Franz Edouin. Capture him, by all means. Now then—now then—at him all! Ha! ha!"

Franz had emptied the last chamber of his weapons and now grasped them by the barrels to use as billies. But a score of bloodthirsty men were upon him ere he could strike a blow, and he was pressed to the earth by an overwhelming mass who struck, kicked and belabored him so severely that his immediate death seemed imminent.

"Save him for me!" shrieked Pierre Plaque, rising on tiptoe, and saving the air with his attenuated arms. "Save his life. Get him into the Death-cart!"

In answer to the loud cries and frantic gestures of the Death-cart driver, the burly Frenchman left the horses' head, and was blowing, squeezing, fighting his way toward the prostrate form of Franz Edouin; his huge fists ascending and falling, sawing and hammering in mighty sweeps and rib-digging pokes, until, reaching the doorway and standing astraddle of the fallen man, he bellowed:

"Stand back all! Come within reach of these big paws, and I will mash your heads like so many grapes in a wine-press. Keep back—you hear? We want this man for the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque; afterward, you may hang, drown or shoot him, as you please."

Partly awed by the brawny arms and scowling visage of the gigantic rascal—who was a most popular leader of this particular riot—and tickled with the idea of riding the detective through the streets of Paris in Pierre Plaque's Death-cart, the mob, swayed by both inducements, howled, with one voice:

"Yes! Into the Death-cart with this detestable detective! In with him! and afterward we may shoot, drown, hang or strangle him. Live Pierre Plaque!"

Unfortunately Franz Edouin heard these cries and thanked Heaven that even a few moments more of life were left to him. Bruised from head to sole, he was not yet insensible, but, at the time, unable to speak or rise.

"Toss him over here!" called Pierre Plaque.
"By the old bones of the catacombs! we shall give him a ride, then build a guillotine with—Ha! the very thing!"—espousing the supposed negro and the cineter he carried. "The very thing! Come here with that sword of yours. It will fashion a guillotine to cut off the head of this miserable detective!"

At one bound the black fellow leaped into the cart, saying, willingly:

"Ay, Master Plaque, we'll ride him first in the Death-cart, and then cut off his dog of a head. Bravo! Bring us the detective to the last to the French ruffian who, half supporting Franz Edouin, whose arms were pinioned, was now forcing the victim forward.

When seated helplessly upon the stool within the dreaded Death-cart, the very soul of Franz Edouin recoiled, and a shiver like the ice of death convulsed his frame. He saw no mercy in his captors, and therefore shut his eyes upon the whirling scene.

He had heard of Pierre Plaque's Death-cart. By General Cluseret's orders it had been made, and to serve the malice of certain underlings of the Commune it was frequently used. It had hauled several wretched men from the *Dépot des Condamnes*, *Mazas*, and other prisons, to destinations as yet unknown to the thieves, felons and lesser desperadoes and viragos then ruling and ruining Paris, and any one once riding behind Pierre Plaque, in his somber vehicle, was never seen nor heard of again. Quite soon, therefore, the conveyance was known by every one in the city as a veritable Death-cart. But Franz Edouin had never till now beheld the dried, shriveled, vindictive driver of the Death-cart, for only with the uprise and devastating horrors of the red-diagnosed Commune had Pierre suddenly sprung from obscurity to notoriety, winning for himself a name of malicious cruelty.

Nor had Pierre Plaque ever beheld Franz Edouin, though having heard of his famous exploits in the role of a detective, and now that he had this noted personage in his cart, with the prospect of seeing him speedily beheaded, he stooped and bent his ugly little shape, and peered, with his still uglier face, into the countenance of the captive. Then, at one glance, he started back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Oh! that face!" he spluttered, in English. "By the bones of the catacombs! I have seen it before. But that I saw a certain woman die—and she was poisoned, I believe—in a certain house in England, I would swear that this Franz Edouin is that same woman in disguise. It cannot be, though, for I am sure I saw her die. Yet what a strange resemblance!"

It must be stated here that Franz Edouin, though tall and finely developed, muscular and brave, had a smooth, effeminate face, made more so by the long, loose brown curls hanging disheveled full below his coat-collar. With his eyes now closed to shut out the horribly suggestive tumult surrounding him, and his usual stern and flashing glance hidden, this womanly appearance was more striking than ever, and forcibly reminded Pierre Plaque of some one he had seen poisoned to death.

"Come—be jogging along there!" growled the ruffian Frenchman, jumping from the cart and slapping the horse with his open palm.

Plaque slid onto his seat and gave the reins a violent jerk. Away went the cart, with the crowd on either side, hooting like demons and throwing both epithets and missiles at their captive. The supposed negro stood behind the prisoner, over whose head the cineter flourished anon in gleaming circles, threatening to decapitate him with each sweep.

As they moved ahead amid the cries, howls, screams and yelps of the insane throng, some of whom carried torches and blazing brands, Pierre Plaque continued to mutter to himself, in the English language:

"How strange! What a resemblance! Who can he be? So like the woman I saw die dead, dead, in England, years ago. But be he whoever he is, he is now in my Death-cart, and that is the last of him; for whose rides on that stool back there, rides to his or her death. So I shall bother my brains no more about him."

As Franz Edouin was thus being borne along to a doom he dared not imagine how horrible, feeling that naught but a miracle could save him, and still keeping his eyes closed upon the boisterous mob, he became aware that a strong hand was gripping and pinching him upon the shoulder, as it by way of a signal. Presently his veins thrilled, as a low-toned, familiar voice uttered in his ear:

"Have hope, Franz. The course is toward one of our Bureaux of *Commissaire de Police*; even now the red square lantern is in sight, and these murderers have no heed which way we go. I have a sharp and ready blade to cut your

thongs. When I give the word—by crying into your ear the word 'Now'—we must leap for it and run into the Bureau. Do not forget the signal."

"Jean Arnold!" exclaimed Franz, in the same guarded tone and without turning his head.

"How, under Heaven, are you here at my side and unharmed?"
Jean Arnold was silent. He already feared that his brief communication with the prisoner had been observed, for Pierre Plaque was at that moment gazing intently at the supposed negro, with his small, keen one eye, seeming to have scented or discovered something suspicious.

CHAPTER VII. THE ESCAPE.

The mob was now approaching one of those Bureaux of *Commissaire de Police* which abound at convenient points in Paris, where persons may lodge complaints or seek information of lost or stolen articles, and generally obtain satisfaction, for the reason that the *Gardiens de Paris*, local and imperial, were alike in being everywhere and among all classes, high and low, to such perfect extent, and in such cunning disguises, as rendered any task in their line of duty comparatively easy to perform.

While Franz Edouin gave himself to hope that he might escape—stealing a covert glance at the lantern ahead and keeping his ears alert for the expected signal—Pierre Plaque was neglecting his horse, allowing it to pick its own way, and was keenly scrutinizing the supposed negro, his second companion in the Death-cart.

In the jostling, squeezing and rubbing of many bodies, the lamplight which made Jean Arnold appear to be a very black negro had been scraped upon his face, and, unknown to him, there was a great white smear on one cheek, betraying the true color of the skin beneath.

Pierre Plaque, casting a look over his shoulder to make sure of the safety of his prisoner, had been arrested by the too-vehement behavior of the negro, and at once observed that white smear on the latter's cheek. Having now an opportunity to scan more closely the features of the man he imagined was a genuine negro, and aided by the blazing brands and torches of the mob, he saw that the smear was neither paint, chalk nor dirt, but that the owner of the black face wore a white skin under it.

"Oh! my lark," thought the Death-cart driver, turning his gaze in another direction, that the supposed negro might not have a suspicion of his discovery. "Alas! my bird. I have two whites in my cart. One is masquerading. What for? Am I blind? Oh, no. One stroke of that cineter and Franz Edouin, this rat-of-a-detective, is free. A friend who runs this risk to save him. A bold friend. I see. Ha! ha!"—a low chuckle—"Now I shall give them both to this thirsty rabble. Not a rib nor a nail will they leave. Let me show my masquerading fellow a trick. I will take this street ahead. Hello, there!"—in his loud, cracked voice—"turn to the right!"

"Turn to the right!" passed from mouth to mouth above the din of voices.

During Pierre's discovery that he had two white men in his cart instead of one, he had permitted his horse to walk, while the mob, on a half-run, kept forging ahead; so that by the time the corner was reached—which was but a few yards from the Bureau of the *Commissaire de Police*—scarce a dozen remained around and behind the prisoner in the Death-cart.

"This bit of information," chuckled Pierre, "I shall keep for the rabble until we are at the spot of execution. Then we shall have a double exhibition. By the bones of the catacombs! it will be sport—rare sport. Oh!"

He was cut short by a sudden and shrill voice in his rear. The voice cried:

"Now!"

And simultaneously Pierre Plaque was knocked headfirst from his seat, falling under the wheels of the cart, which passed over him and

wrung forth a squeal almost unearthly in its agony.

The cineter of Jean Arnold cut the bonds of Franz Edouin, and the latter, armed with a sharp, long dagger, followed his friend in a quick, irresistible assault upon the few of the mob who were yet in the vicinity of the Death-cart.

This attack, with cineter and dagger, both keen, well-handled and unsparring—the opposing ruffians having nothing but frail sticks and half-burnt brands with which to defend themselves—not only overwhelmed them with surprise, but laid many of them bleeding on the pave, and cleared a path for escape ere the painful screams of Pierre Plaque, or the angry chorus of others for help could apprise the great body of the mob of what was transpiring.

"Quick, Franz Edouin!" called Jean. "Look! The door of the Bureau is opened for us, and they are barring the iron doors for defense."

At the moment when the mob drew near there were a score of *Gardiens de Paris* congregated in the Bureau, and a few had come out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It happened that those assembled had not yet cast their destinies with the Commune, notwithstanding that new power had proclaimed itself the champion of individual liberty, the rights of conscience and the energy of order; in fact, were on this night debating the wisdom of such a course, as a premise to final action. Not yet being identified either way, and recognizing a part of the destructive element of the Commune in the approaching crowd of rough, fiend-like men and women, and perceiving the Death-cart, with whose brief and abominable record they were both familiar and disgusted, they were even on the point of charging the mob—though it might have required the whole four thousand five hundred police of Paris to disperse them—when the two men made that bold dash for liberty which excited the admiration of lookers-on, and caused many to cry, encouragingly:

"Hollo! this way. Make haste!"

Others, foreseeing an attack upon the Bureau, as a result of sheltering the two fleeing men, sprung to double bolt and bar the heavy windows.

In fewer seconds than it requires to tell it, Franz Edouin and his friend, panting and exhausted, were safe behind the massive door, against which rattled and railed the impotent bullets, stones and chagrin oaths of the infuriated mob.

"Jean Arnold, I owe you my life."
"There, friend; you would have done the same for me. Hark! something fresh is happening without."

The disappointed mob, bent upon forcing an entrance, and replying in like to the pistol-shots poured upon them from the upper windows, failed to perceive a body of horsemen that swept into the street at a gallop round a distant block. The first appraisal they had of the new-comers was when a hundred sabers flashed from their sheaths and dropped to head-level as a bugle-blast, ordered the charge.

"The National Guard! Take care! the National Guard!" yelled the panic-stricken rioters, who broke and fled precipitately.

Slashing thuds and groans of death mingled with hearty oaths where a sudden jam was taken for a rally of resistance; thundering hoofs and ringing steel bore down the fleeing *lorde*. Then a saber hit rattled at the Bureau door, and a voice commanded:

"Open to the National Guard!"

General Cluseret, during his brief career as Delegate of War, was too shrewd to throw away care to lose the four thousand five hundred trained police of Paris in the coming struggle, and this detachment of the Guard, which arrived so opportunely, had been dispatched to ascertain the sentiment of this particular prefecture, and make prisoners such as were antagonistic to the Commune.

While the Guards were routing the mob, Franz Edouin and Jean Arnold were making their way to the rear of the building.

This unfortunate affair had delayed me several hours," remarked Jean, as they emerged upon an alleyway where all was still and dark, and nothing but the rumbling explosion of big guns at the west of Paris broke the silence of the night.

After so much noise and excitement, the precinct of this deserted alley seemed like the recess of a grave.

"Delayed you in what, friend Jean?" questioned Franz, glancing about him as if fearful of the presence of some lurking spy of the mob.

"I was intrusted, at sunset, with a dispatch from Cluseret to the Assembly at Versailles, being instructed to return by daylight. I will now have a hard ride of it."

"To Versailles!" exclaimed Franz. "Why, it is my very direction."

The message intrusted to Jean Arnold was a notification from the Executive Committee, over the signature of Cluseret, treating for a suspension of arms at Neuilly, that the old men, women and children, non-combatants, who had lived and starved for weeks in cellars, might be permitted to enter Paris. This first messenger never reached his destination, which may explain, partly, why, on the appointed morning, the Versailles were supposed to have violated a sacred armistice by continuing the cannonade from Mont Valerien and other batteries.

"How happened it, friend Jean?" continued Franz Edouin, "that you are cast so soon and willingly with the Commune?"

"Unhappily so, you may add. Ah! it was my brain to the rescue of my neck. I could not avoid it"—and Jean sighed deeply, as he paused at a drinking trough to wash the black stain from his face.

"Your true sympathies, then, friend Jean, are not with these—"

"Butchers?—no. Alas, poor France. Who shall rebuild thy glories, since our Napoleon is gone? Hist! was not that some one moving in the shadow there?"

"Perhaps a cat. The interest is at the front of the Bureau. No one would come here. Dear friend, I, too, am bound for Versailles. In your true ear I may whisper: certain Imperialists, ready to avail of anything that will relieve Paris of this horrid Commune, have intrusted me with information hitherto known only to the emperor himself, and which will afford vast assistance to the Versailles. Thiers is now in Saxony. When he returns, and our approaches are complete, that wonderful man will make known his plans, which all feel, are to restore law and quiet to our now bloody streets, even

though his government be obnoxious to many. In my jaw I wear a hollow tooth, and in that tooth I carry a cipher of the information I speak of. Come to Versailles! We go together."

As they left the alley a small, wriggling figure crept forward and stole after them round the fence-wall. Even in the thick gloom of the alley it was impossible to mistake the ugly little shape of Pierre Plaque, the Death-cart driver. Among the first to save his precious neck, when the detachment of the Guard charged the mob, he had turned the near corner and darted into the dark alley, just in time to shelter himself from discovery by Franz Edouin, the assassin, and, as the two came from the rear door of the Bureau.

"A merry pair!" he gibbered, rubbing his fingers over and over, like a squirrel nibbling a nut. "To Versailles, eh? He has a hollow tooth in his jaw. Franz Edouin, then is to confirmed spy against the Commune. Oh! my birds. But you may not reach Versailles. I owe you for these half-crushed ribs, my friend with the black face. By the bones of the catcombs! I thought myself dead when that wheel sawed across my stomach. We shall see whether you reach Versailles. A gay pair, forsooth!"

Within an hour two men, fully armed, were galloping for a less frequented road to the southwest of Paris, pausing only to exhibit passports, then dashing on again at full speed. Not far in the rear of these two riders—and noisier save for the rattling strokes of horsehoofs—sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit. The beast's ears lay flat to his head, and his tail hovered straight in the wind. No whip nor spur was needed, but the voice of the impatient driver caused him to leap like a hound on a fox's trail. Pierre Plaque drove a wonderful horse. The horse, cart and driver being well known, the time was lost in stopping for passports or passwords, and he was steadily gaining upon the two horsemen.

Two men accompanied Pierre Plaque, and, as if by a devilish chance, they were the same who had been missioned, by the man in the doorway of M. Achet's house, to follow and assassinate Franz Edouin.

"I have heard it said," grumbled one of the assassins, "that whose rides in the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque, that is the last of him or her. I hope the saying may not come true for us, comrade."

"Mon Dieu! I could not afford it. For, in case we do not succeed in killing this man we are after—who is Franz Edouin, the famous detective, and for whose death Monsieur De Vin will pay well—I have another task to perform, which is, to advise Helen Varcla, the actress, of the hour when he returns to Paris, for which notification she, also, will pay well. I think that Helen Varcla owes him a grudge, though she expressly said, 'Do not kill this man, but let him live for me.' Pietro, our comrade, is at Rouen on a similar mission—watching a man for Helen Varcla. Whether we kill Franz Edouin or not, I am sure of a reward; and you, my brother, can share it with me."

"I like that. Good. We have two chances. Pierre Plaque paid no heed to this conversation. His keen, small, one eye glanced eagerly ahead, while he urged on his galloping horse; and only once he squeaked:

"If we can catch them before they reach the cross-road they will never reach Versailles." "And why the cross-road, Pierre?" asked one. "You are a grand fool! They will have the army of the Versailles to back them. See! there is the cross-road, and now we are within a hundred feet of the rascals. Ha! get your weapons ready."

Saying which, Pierre Plaque drew from his belt a monstrous pistol carrying a bullet as heavy as a rifle-ball. Evidently, the Death-cart driver was no coward, with his sly, wicked, calculating nature.

Presently the night air reverberated with the loud crack of the pistol, and a hissing messenger of death sped toward the fleeing horsemen. Simultaneously sounded a cry of agony from a man's lips and a snort from a mortally wounded horse. The large bullet had done a double deed.

There was a stumble, a struggle and a cloud of dust.

Into this cloud of dust plunged Pierre Plaque, for he could not check his racing beast. Over and into a horse and man went the Death-cart and its occupants, turning a somersault and crashing to the ground in a wild, wrecked, jumbled mass, making thicker the cloud of dust that enveloped a scene of murder and quick retribution.

Only two living forms at last extricated themselves from the tangle of accident and death: one the horse of Pierre Plaque, the other one of the assassins—the one who had spoken of a bargain with Helen Varcla, the actress, as also one with Monsieur De Vin.

"Mon Dieu!" groaned the wretch, feeling his bones, to see if he was really injured. "Everybody is dead, I think; the horse, the other man, Pierre Plaque and my comrade. Ha! a thought. I must reach Versailles. Somebody, no doubt, will find these dead bodies and bury them. I have no time for grave-digging. I must go on to Versailles after Franz Edouin, for I perceive that the one Pierre Plaque has shot is not Franz Edouin. Now I am off again. I must either kill Franz Edouin, or get the ring he wears, or let Helen Varcla know when he returns to Paris. How she knew that he would leave Paris is a secret of her own."

While speaking thus aloud he had caught the black horse, stripped everything from him except the bridle and check-rein, and then bounding upon the animal's bare back dug his heels into the panting ribs.

Far down the road a single horseman, now nearly lost to view, was galloping rapidly toward Versailles, and on went the lucky assassin in hot chase, heedless of occasional shots from ambushed pickets by the roadside.

"On to Versailles! On to Versailles!" he spluttered and gasped; and with every word he gave the mad horse another dig with his heels.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 44.)

The Parson's Choice.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"WELL, now, Deacon Conway, I s'pose the man knows his own feelin's, and if he wanted to marry, he'd do it, without anybody's finger in the pie."

"Certainly! certainly, sister Palmer! Still, as he might not know—the state of popular feeling, and—and—the I may say, wishes of the church, it would be well to mention the matter," returned the good deacon.

"All right, you kin talk it over. As far as I'm concerned," and in her earnestness Aunt Polly Palmer dropped the apple she was peeling before converting it into a dumpling for the parson's dinner, and stood with her hands resting on her hips, to talk to the bland deacon, "as far as I'm concerned, I'd be glad to see Mr. Howland get married! Not that he's the least bit of trouble as a boarder—I never did see a man easier to please! Why, I may go to work and fry chickens, and make hot biscuits and coffee for supper, and pile on at the table will hold, and I do believe in my soul he'd be just as well suited if I'd give him only a slice of cold bread, and a glass of milk and a saucer of berries—as I was sayin', I never did see a man so easy to please! But, land! me, deacon! if you jest could see the way all the young gals, yes, and some that's old enough to know better, does run after and bedevil that poor man, settin' their caps fur him."

"Yes! yes! that is one reason why we suggest a slight change—just one reason, sister Palmer."

"Wal, it's a good one, fur's it goes. Why, there ain't a day but what some one on 'em a-trottin' in with some fool fancy-work, what hain't got no anny use, fur the 'dear pastor.' His room's a sight with fides, and brush-rack, and frames, and the Lord only knows what all!"

And as for slippers, and handkerchiefs, and collars, and neckties, he's got enough to set up a shop with. And, don't you believe, deacon Conway, only yesterday Bell Burleigh brought over a smoking-cap! and a pipe-case! when poor dear Mr. Howland can't abide tobacco in any case, or any shape! And they was worked with scarlet monkeys, playin' fiddles, onto black velvet! Jest think o' offendin' fiddlin' monkeys to a minister o' the Gospel! Mr. Howland was out when she come, an' so she left 'em fur me to give him. An' when I heard him in his room, I took the tongs and carried 'em in, fur I didn't want to touch the onrighteous things, an' you jest ought to 'a' seen him laugh!"

"I dare say," said the deacon, laughing himself at Aunt Polly's spirited recital. "But time presses, sister Palmer. If you will just mention to brother Howland that I am here—or shall I go up to his room, and see him?"

"Yes, go up! go up, and I'll stand guard below." The deacon accordingly went up to Mr. Howland's room and there imparted the delicate errand with which he had been intrusted. Namely, that while the church was greatly edified and pleased with their young pastor, they were sure that his usefulness would be greatly increased if he was a married man. They, therefore, if he was not entirely averse to so doing, asked him to make some arrangements, in serious consideration, and make such choice of a helpmeet as best suited himself.

Mr. Howland smiled, but did not say he was averse to matrimony, and did not seem to resent the interference of his congregation. After a little discussion he summoned Aunt Polly to join the conference.

"Brother Conway tells me you understand the matter in hand, Aunt Polly," said he, with a comical smile, which Aunt Polly also understood.

She nodded and smiled in return. "Well, then, supposing I make a choice at once, are you willing to allow me to invite a few friends here on the occasion?"

"Certainly! I'll give you a number one little wedding-party, that's what you mean," promptly responded Mrs. Palmer.

"I didn't call it a party. But I thought we might have a few friends if it were not too much trouble to you."

Good Aunt Polly declared it was not a trouble, but a pleasure to do anything for her minister. There was some further discussion held, and as a result, on Sabbath morning, after the last hymn was sung, Mr. Howland said that he believed the deacons had some announcements to make, and with the permission of the congregation, he would retire.

A rumor of what was on the tapis had got round somehow, and the house was crowded, especially with young ladies. There was a perfect stillness, when Mr. Howland had retired, deacon Conway rose, and said that he had the pleasure of informing his brethren and sisters that their beloved pastor had in contemplation the important question of matrimony; and on Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, he invited, if any of the friends present chose to assemble at the house of sister Palmer, he would make known his choice. Also, he had to announce, on behalf of sister Palmer, that a light refreshment would be provided for the company, and if any of the sisters would like to contribute to it, or assist in its preparation, she would be very grateful for their help.

The congregation was then dismissed, and the buzzing tongues loosened. Every girl in the house was curious to find out who the chosen one was.

"Why, what a funny invitation to a wedding!" said Bell Burleigh.

"How do you know 'tis a wedding? He only said he'd make known his choice," snapped Aunt Polly.

"Well, of course that's what it means! I, Aunt Polly, you know who he'll choose! Do tell us, and I'll bring you the nicest cake you ever saw."

"Shan't tell if I do know, only 'tain't me!" was Aunt Polly's answer. And she mentally added: "And 'tain't you, either!" But she didn't say that, for she did not want to destroy the chance of Burleigh's cake, which she knew would be nice.

She was shrewd in her guess that she would have plenty of help. Such glasses of jelly, and crystal-clear dishes of fruit, such loaves of snowy cake and baskets of dainty jumbles and kisses as were in Aunt Polly's pantry on Thursday, never went there before.

Busy fingers flew their swiftest to get the table ready, and busy tongues asked a thousand questions, to which Aunt Polly would only answer: "Tain't me, that's all I can tell!" and "Wait and see!" while the sisters would like to contribute to it, or assist in its preparation, she would be very grateful for their help.

Mr. Howland was not visible all day. To the anxious inquirers after him, Aunt Polly would say: "He ain't wanted yet. But if you must know, he's gone, while it's C—ville. He'll be back by sundown."

Now C—ville was the county seat, so the surmises were many that he had gone after a license, and that the ceremony would be performed that night.

But who was to be the bride? The invitation had been made so very indefinite that many a feminine bosom fluttered with the hope that it might yet be herself, and never were so many white dresses worn on one occasion in this village as came that evening to Aunt Polly Palmer's little dwelling, on that evening.

"Land sakes!" cried Aunt Polly, "he'd have to let old Brigham himself, or one of his biggest elders, to take the half of 'em that's ready and willing!"

Almost all the company were assembled when a rumor ran round that Mr. Howland had come, but he had gone up-stairs, and Deacon Conway and Aunt Polly were with him.

The important moment must be at hand, and when a motion was heard on the stairs a hush fell over the crowd, and all eyes turned expectantly to the parlor door.

It opened—Deacon Conway and Aunt Polly came in, followed by Mr. Howland with a sweet, modest little lady dressed in gray silk, leaning upon his arm.

"Friends," began the deacon, as the little party paused. "I have now the pleasure of presenting to you Brother Howland and his bride. Our pastor has been, for some time, engaged to marry Miss Ella Lissom, of C—ville, and at the wish of his charge, he has hastened things a little, and now presents, for your love and friendship, Mrs. Ella Howland, who became his wife this afternoon, at her own home. Now, friends, your congratulations on our pastor's choice will be in order!"

Deacon Conway took his seat, and for an instant there was an awkward hush. Then somebody broke the ice, and all crowded forward with good wishes, while the bride, engaged to marry Miss Ella Lissom, of C—ville, and at the wish of his charge, he has hastened things a little, and now presents, for your love and friendship, Mrs. Ella Howland, who became his wife this afternoon, at her own home. Now, friends, your congratulations on our pastor's choice will be in order!"

And if poor Bell Burleigh thought of the scarlet monkeys she had spent so much time in, in hope of something else, nobody was the wiser.

Aunt Polly's delicious supper quite restored the balance of good-humor, and as Mrs. Howland, nee Miss Lissom, was a sweet little soul, and made friends wherever she went, before the evening was ended Aunt Polly was highly delighted, and everybody else contented with the Parson's Choice.

WILLIAM came running into the house the other day and asked eagerly: "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," rejoined the boy; "it begins at sea, (c)"

A BEAUTY who went to be photographed at a seaside resort, after taking her seat in the chair of torture, was thus addressed by the insinuating operator: "Now, miss, you look at me as if I was your young man, and you'd met me unexpected."

A GLOVE'S CONFESSION.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

She glided by me in the hall,
And turned her head away;
But as she passed, I saw it fall,
And seized it where it lay.
A glove that she alone could wear,
Of dainty shape and size—
The impress of her hand still there
Enhanced to me the prize.

And proudly then I stood apart,
Alone, amid the crowd;
Her glove was folded on my heart,
And calmed its beatings loud;
And though she gave not smile or word,
As through the dance she swept,
Still as a pledge of what might be,
Her tiny glove I kept.

And oft I questioned it alone,
And longed to know its story;
Till fancy, to a climax grown,
Methought it made reply.
When others spoke my name,
And how her lovely hazel eyes
Were downward cast for shame.

And further still, this traitor glove,
With charming color told,
That maidens always yield to love,
If men are only bold!

So never more will I despair,
Though others chide me sore,
And by this captured glove I swear
Its mistress shall be mine!

Elegant Egbert;

OR,

THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME?"

"Ah! Ma'am'selle Adele!" cried M. Bourdoine, "vat shall bring her at ze time inopportune! Messieurs, make way to ze carriage." He bent over her and would have lifted her from the ground, but a hand like iron grasped him by the shoulder and drew him back.

After the first deadly faintness and horror, Felix had broken away from Captain Hovey. No one but he must touch Adele. He had turned from her and tried to tear her from his heart, but he still had rights before the hands of strangers.

Lifting her limp form in his arms, he bore her to the carriage, now empty. Mr. Scoville, the proprietor of the Metropolitan, having joined the gentlemen gathered about Egbert.

"Go to yonder carriage and get a flask of brandy, which you will find near the case of surgical instruments," he said to the driver. "While the nurse is gone, Felix entered the carriage and placed his burden in a reclining posture on the back seat, still supporting her head on his arm.

"Oh, my poor darling! will you ever forgive me?" he murmured, gazing into her wan face.

He kissed the pale lips again and again. It might be his last opportunity. "And have I killed your brother?" he sighed. "Ah! what fiend could have possessed me to fight with him! Why was not my arm paralyzed before it directed the accursed weapon! Oh, but it was my sister, Adele. He had wronged her beyond words. Think of her life, blasted!"

"Here is the liquor, sir." Felix started. He had forgotten everything save the girl he held in his arms.

Receiving the flask from the man, he poured a few drops between the lips of the unconscious girl; then bathed her temples with it and chafed her hands.

The girl moved uneasily, moaned, opened her eyes, gazed about wonderingly, recognized the face bending over her, started up, and shrunk shuddering away.

"Adele! my darling!" he pleaded, trying to take her hand. "No! no! no!" cried the girl, wildly, shrinking back with horror. "Do not dare to touch me ever again! Your hands are stained with his blood! Murderer! Do you hear?"

With a groan Felix sunk back on the forward seat, hiding his face with his hands from her accusing eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carriage, and ran to where Egbert lay under the surgeon's hands.

Recognizing only M. Bourdoine, she clutched his arm and covered close to his side, whispering, in a hoarse voice, while she gazed between the bodies of the other gentlemen at the motionless form stretched on the ground:

"Oh! is he dead? Has he killed him? Oh! I saw him fall—I saw him fall!"

"No, madam, he is not dead," replied the surgeon, looking up. "M. Bourdoine, if you are a friend of the lady, will you take her to her carriage?"

"Oh, no! not there! He is there! Let me stay with my brother."

"You must be very quiet, then, and not disturb him when he recovers."

"Jackson, can you improvise a litter with the tongues of the carriages? There is a house not far from here to which we can carry him. It would be dangerous to attempt to move him to the city now; but with proper care this wound need not prove fatal, though it is certainly critical. The hall has passed above the heart. I shall probe for it as soon as we get him to bed."

The latter part of the doctor's speech was addressed to the other gentlemen. Colonel Jayson had immediately gone off to make the litter, as soon as he learned what was required of him.

The tongues of two of the carriages were removed, and the litter was made. The hall-tongues were then bound across them about six feet apart, and over this structure was stretched a horse-blanket, forming a very comfortable litter.

It was not the first time Colonel Jackson had had supervision of a like device.

The wounded man was carefully placed upon the litter, and four men bore him to a small cottage farm-house, perhaps a quarter of a mile up the river.

The farmer's wife gave up two of her best rooms, and Adele entered upon her duties as nurse, which were destined to hold her for several weeks.

The duel was over. Felix went home and shut himself up in his library. He resolved to arrange his business so that he could go abroad for two or three years. In a week's time everything could be arranged.

The only drawback was Sibyl. She seemed threatened with a severe attack of illness. As yet she had not recovered from the shock of the duel. Meanwhile, the bullet had been removed from Egbert's body. He had passed two days mostly under the influence of opiates. On the third his brain cleared and he called Adele to him.

"My sister, what is the doctor's verdict on me?"

"He says that with proper nursing you will get well. And I will nurse you, Bertie! Oh, my care will not be remitted a moment!"

Egbert shook his head. "The doctor is mistaken," he said. "A man with proper hope and the desire to live might rally; but not I."

"Oh! do not speak so, Bertie. You do desire to live—for my sake."

"I love you, dear, but am sorry for the pain my death will cause you. But after what has passed, you cannot expect me to cling to life. No, Adele, it will be better for all concerned that I should be removed out of the way."

"Oh, Bertie!"

"I had all that man could crave. I have lost all! To me now life would be a protracted hell."

Before I had nothing to look back upon. Now the contrast would drive me to suicide." "My brother, you are ill now. When you are well—"

"Would the return to health bring back her love and respect?"

"Bertie, she is your wife. Can the year of happiness pass for nothing? She must forgive you, dear."

"Reason of pain shot athwart his face. 'It is of this I wish to speak to you now. Have you forgiven me? Can you love a brother branded for forgery?'"

She buried her face in the bedclothes to stifle the cry of pain that rose to her lips. "I have nothing to forgive," she said, when she could command her voice. "Nothing in the world could change my love for you. Bertie, can I ever forget? You did not shoot at him."

"I faintly smile back to Egbert's lips. 'It was a slight return for all the misery I have brought you. Besides, could I shoot her brother?'"

"Will not that plead for you, dear?"

"Adele, if Sibyl were to forgive a felon, could she ever respect him?"

"But a life of right living?"

"Could never blot out the recollection that her husband was branded by the law!"

Adele was silenced.

"Adele," said the sick man, presently, "in my portfolio you will find a large envelope addressed: 'To my wife.' Get it and bring it here."

The girl complied.

"I wrote this on the night of the fifteenth," he went on, "and just before our meeting Felix promised that he would not oppose its delivery after my death. I want you to read it now, and when I am dead take it to her."

With trembling fingers Adele drew forth the inclosure. They consisted of a letter in Egbert's handwriting and a document showing that his name had been changed from Charles J. Wells to Egbert Stanhope by act of the legislature of Maine.

Having gathered the import of this last document, Adele kissed her brother with grateful tears in her eyes. Here was one point, at least, cleared up.

Then she set to work to read the letter eagerly. But she had read scarcely a page when she cried: "Oh, Bertie! you are innocent! I knew it! I knew it! Oh, I should never have entertained a moment of doubt, if you had not seemed to confess it yourself! And even then I could not bring myself to see how it could be possible. Oh, my darling!"

And casting herself on her knees at the bedside, she fell to sobbing and kissing his hand.

"But why did you not tell us?" she asked. "This suffering might have been prevented."

He shook his head.

"Who would have believed me in the face of the brand of the law. No, there is no use. When I am dead perhaps she will try to make herself believe my innocence, and it may be some comfort to her."

"But our mother believed you, dear, and my father believed you, and I believe you!"

"It would have been indeed, if my own mother had refused to believe me. As for your father, I think his love for me—my mother must have induced him to make large concessions, even at variance with his judgment. I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for his kindness. My own father could not have done more."

"But I, Bertie! There is nothing to induce me to believe you but my knowledge of your uprightness of character. And I believe you implicitly."

"But you are my little sister, Adele. And, don't you see, you have taken my bare word without having weighed the evidence?"

"But she is your wife. Is she not as near to you as I? And has she not known you intimately for over a year?"

Again he shook his head.

"Every one has not your trusting nature," he said. "Even when you believed me guilty, you did not turn from me."

"No, no, I never really believed you guilty, Bertie. I always knew that somehow it couldn't be, in spite of everything."

"That is the difference of nature, love. You have no pride—only your gentle, clinging heart."

At this moment the doctor entered.

"What are you talking?" he said, stepping quickly forward to feel the patient's pulse. "This will never do. You have worked yourself into a fever."

"It matters little, doctor. It was business that must be attended to before I had lost the power."

"Business be—neglected!" said the doctor, checking himself in time. "I'm afraid I shall have to get you a more discreet nurse."

"No, I'll not offend again," said Adele, her eyes sparkling like diamonds, and her cheeks flushed.

"Doctor, how long will he sleep?" she asked, when the physician was about to take his departure.

"Three or four hours—perhaps five."

Ten minutes later Adele was in a carriage, driving like the wind toward Riverside!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRIDE AND LOVE.

WITH palpitating heart Adele found herself once more in the carriage leading up to the mansion house of Riverside. When she alighted and ascended the steps of the veranda, her limbs trembled under her so that she could scarcely support herself.

The maid who answered the bell hardly repressed a scream.

"Fore de Lo! Missy Adele!"

"Is Mrs. Stanhope in her room?" asked Adele, hurriedly.

"Yes, missy."

"Say nothing to any one about my being here. I can find my way alone."

She slipped a piece of money into the girl's hand, and ran up the staircase and along the corridor until she reached Sibyl's door.

"Come!" said a faint voice, in answer to her knock.

She opened the door, glided in, and closed it behind her.

A creature pitifully wan and weebegone reclined in an invalid-chair, looking the wreck of our blooming Sibyl. Her eyes were red with constant weeping and her face was drawn with pain.

On the bed, within reach of her hand, lay her infant, peacefully sleeping.

"Sight of Adele the stricken wife started up with faint cry, but immediately sunk back, almost fainting."

Adele glided up to her, cast herself on her knees on an ottoman at her side, and clasped the quivering, panting form in her arms.

"Oh! my poor darling!" she cooed. "And the other could only put her weak arms about the neck of his sister, and clasp her close, while she sobbed."

Presently she whispered:

"How is he?"

portunity to put the money in my pocket, or to detect any one else in the act of doing so.

"But all this is now to no purpose. The past is dead and buried.

"In my prison my mother visited me, in company with the man she afterward married, Col. Egbert Stanhope, Adele's father. Almost crazed with a sense of utter helplessness under monstrous injustice, I threw myself on my knees before them, and assured them of my innocence again and again by every sacred pledge I could think of.

"My mother believed me. Had she doubted me then I believe I would have committed suicide, if I had had the means to do so.

"As for Col. Stanhope, if he doubted my innocence, he dissembled his feelings. His love for my mother, which was extraordinary, may have led him to do that. Certainly he would have lost her if his wife had been actuated otherwise than as he did.

"From whatever motive, he espoused my cause; and a father could not have done more for me than he did. But all proved of no avail. I was tried and condemned, and had sentence executed upon me, years imprisonment and branding in the palm.

"Under her trouble my mother was completely prostrated. For my sake she would have deferred her marriage, as if I had died. But I knew that she needed the care that only he could give her, and adding my solicitation to this, so that her scruples were overcome, and I believe that the preservation of her life was due to the tenderness with which he watched over her.

"While I was in prison my mother visited me for an hour every day. This saved me from despair.

"When my term was expired Col. Stanhope removed to the North with his wife and child, Adele, then a year old, and myself. By act of the Legislature of the State of Maine, he gave me his name. I shall never forget my mother's gratitude!

"My mother's very tenderness to me was a constant reminder of the cloud that had fallen upon my life; and I was seized with a morbid dread of every one who knew of the indelible brand in my palm. I longed to be alone among strangers. Seeing that I was sinking into a brooding monomania, she finally yielded to my incessant entreaties and gave her consent to my going abroad.

"For six years I wandered in a vast desert of humanity, never meeting a familiar face. I dared not make friends, lest they should learn the story of that brand of ignominy that burned like a quenchless fire in my palm. As for love, how could I drag the woman I loved down to—Oh, God! Sibly, my wronged wife! to the fate I have given you!

"After six years the man to whose generosity I owed so much died, and I was called home to console my widowed mother. She placed my sister Adele in my arms, and followed the man who had become necessary to her existence.

"I cannot tell you what a boon to my aching heart was the gentle, loving child of seven. I loved her and she loved me, and I had found my life to her, nor cared for the love of any other woman until I met you.

"Then, my wife, came the keenest agony and the greatest joy of my wretched life. You know the circumstances that brought us together. Had I been alone, might have torn myself away; but I saw that my sister was attracted by your brother, and he by her. This, together with the overpowering love I conceived for you at first sight, led me to temporize, and temporizing I became lost.

"My strange behavior when Felix proposed for my sister's hand was not, as you interpreted it at the time, chiefly due to pain at losing her, though I confess my heart turned sick with a sense of loss. But in my absorbing passion for you, I had forgotten all about her possible love for Felix. It burst upon me a complete surprise, and with it came the thought that, after their marriage, the secret of my life might be discovered, and Felix in his pride might turn against me and perhaps treat her coldly, when he would break her heart.

"For the first time I saw that my life might prove a curse to her. Then, too, how could I be related to you, and meet you, as would be unavoidable, without telling my love? The two women whom I loved could reap only misery from association with me!

"Sibly, when you came to me that night—when I saw in your face that you loved me, I became intoxicated with delight, and cast every scruple behind me. I swore then to possess you at any and every hazard. My secret might never be discovered, and if it was, your love might triumph over everything else, and you might be happy in each other, in spite of the world.

"Up to that time I was not sure whether or not John Boardman recognized me, though it was a constant dread. When he denounced me I was paralyzed. But you asked me to let my life be my vindication, and then I deceived your brother.

"This statement cannot alter the world's verdict, but I write it in the hope that you will receive it into your heart, and that the belief that I do not merit your contempt may make your sorrow less hard to bear.

"Oh, my injured wife! now that I am dead—this will come to you as a voice from the grave—can you believe me?—can you forgive me? Think of the year that you have lain next to my heart! I was infatuated, you know, no word or look have betrayed me!—could I have deceived you so completely?—"

But here the reader was interrupted.

"No! no!" cried Sibly, rising to her feet, now strong in her great love. "I have heard enough. Let us go to him at once. Oh! if a life of untrusting devotion can repay him in part for all that he has suffered, I pray God to spare his life to me!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

A Touch of Jealousy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"If I had known you would care in the least, I would have declined Mrs. Colonel Agnew's invitation, but since I have promised, you mustn't be unreasonable."

A sparkle of indignation came into Lu Walters' velvety brown eyes.

"You were perfectly aware of my opinion, Harold. Look at me, sir! How would you like it if I were to go to such gatherings as this of Mrs. Agnew's without you, and receive the attention of other gentlemen?"

"I wouldn't give you the chance," smiled Harold Gale. "I'd make it a point to be on hand and look after my own property."

"Yet you go to places which I do not attend—which you do not wish me to attend."

"Only because I wouldn't choose for my future wife a young lady given to fashionable frivolity," Mr. Gale hastened to declare. "You know, dear, it was because you were such a modest little home blossom that I learned to prize you so."

"Still you think it too much of a deprivation to give up enjoyments I may not share. I wonder what I may look for by-and-by if this is the case now?"

"My dear Lu, you wouldn't enjoy yourself. You would be out of your element. I don't care for this sort of thing myself, tired of it long ago, and I'll be bored to death, but I can't very well get around going since I've promised. I'll tell you, though, since you take it to heart so, I'll only drop in and make my excuses. How will that do?"

It was in the process of making his excuses to Mrs. Colonel Agnew, apparently, that Mr. Gale should attach himself as the special attendant of a certain Miss Dubar, whose blonde beauty had very nearly insured him the season before.

"Do you know the horrible story I have heard of you?" asked Miss Dubar, with a frown of her ivory fan.

"I am sure you wouldn't give anything but about me a moment's belief."

"Certainly not. It isn't my way. I told Frank Howard it was rank treason if you had gone out of our set to get yourself engaged."

"Nothing but despair of winning where I wished to win could have driven me to such a step," declared Gale, with a pathetic glance.

"And this is the sort of flirtation which could induce him to break his word to me," thought Lu Walters, standing so near that she could have put her hand and touched them from the screen of a rose-twined pillar. "Yes, I will wait with you once, Clement," she answered her partner, and Mr. Harold Gale abruptly broke off the murmured conversation with Miss Dubar which, like anything else insipid and sweet, began to pall, as the floating vision in shining white went past him clasped in a pair of masculine arms, with a handsome golden mustache almost brushing her dark-tressed hair.

He gazed, half-doubting his own sight, then started up.

"Pardon me, I must go and speak to a friend," he muttered, and stalked away, leaving Miss Dubar piqued and resentful.

"Lu," he interposed, as she was leaving the floor, "you little witch, how do you come to be here?"

"By invitation," she answered, indifferently. "Don't stop, Clement. We would only detain this gentleman, and he leaves in a moment as I happen to know."

"I'll wait," the gentleman hastened to say. "Come with me, Lu. Let me take you home."

"Thanks, no. I have an escort for the evening. Are we to give Mrs. Agnew a duet, Clement?"

"Hug Clement, whoever he is," muttered Mr. Gale, between his set teeth. "If you have any regard for my feelings you will allow me to take you in charge."

But Lu swept serenely past him, unheeding his whispered protests, and Mr. Gale left the scene in a bitter mood, wretchedly jealous for the first time in his life. He had been waiting for Lu at a most unseasonable hour next morning.

"Sorry if I was the means of sending you home early last night," said she, with sweet unconsciousness. "We left at four. The effect of moonlight in the morning is very striking, I find."

"Effect of Clement, more likely," growled Mr. Gale. "Lu, is that fellow to come between us? Of course if you prefer him!"

"Prefer cousin Julia's husband?" said Lu, with wide-open eyes.

"Is he? Oh, then I've made an idiot of myself, but it's all right."

"All right? I am not so sure. Harold, I thought it well to show you that I can move in the same society you frequent if I like, but I regret it was a fritting away time and opportunities which can be more profitably used. But if you find more congenial companionship there—Miss Dubar's for instance—and were driven through despair of winning her to me—"

"You heard that nonsense! See here, Lu, I was never so ashamed of myself in my life. I accept my lesson, so now make up, there's a darling girl, and I promise you shall never have reason to regret it."

Nor did she, for Mr. Gale found one little touch of jealousy an effectual cure.

UNSEEN AND UNSUNG.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

There is many a beautiful thought
That lies, like a deep-sea pearl,
Enshrouded in the mist that God has wrought,
Nestled in the ocean's rush and swirl.

There is many a motive grand,
That lies but a lifeless seed,
Awaiting the touch of a master-hand
To wake it to living deed.

There is many a lovely bower,
Far, far from all human sight;
There is many, ay, many a flower,
Whose petals ne'er open to the light.

There is many a silent bard
Whose harp, with its chords unstrung,
Hangs cold and mute; all its sweet tones marred;
There is many a song unsung.

The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL
LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY REBEL," "THE SKELETON
CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "THE DIAMOND
DIRK," "THE FLYING YAN-
KEE," "WITHOUT A HEART,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FLIGHT.

For some moments Roy Woodbridge and Nellie stood in silence, the twilight shadows deepening around them, and the waters of the basin growing darker and darker.

Then the maiden spoke:

"You wish me to go to Havana with you, senior?"

"Yes; you can aid me greatly."

"Then I will go, if my mother and the chief say yes."

"And if they object?"

"I will go anyhow, for Captain Rafael must not die, if any aid of mine can save him."

"Nobly said! Now I will leave you. Go and bring your prisoner at once on board. I return to the lugger, for we must get off to night, as there is a fair breeze blowing outside."

"Then it will favor the American. We shall be under way within the hour, and when I have seen him out of the channel I will return to the cabin and soon be on board the lugger."

"Farewell, my brave Nellie, for awhile, and success attend you."

Politely raising his hat, Roy Woodbridge walked away up the bank of the stream and disappeared in the darkness, while Nellie at once mounted the rope-ladder and hastened toward the secret retreat, her heart full of emotion at all that had passed.

Reaching the cabin among the rocks, Nellie found Bancroft Edmunds patiently awaiting her, and the body of Luis Ramirez lying as it had fallen.

"Senior Americano, will you do me the kindness to place that corpse outside? Carry it to a spot near here; I wish the band to know that, in some mysterious way, Luis Ramirez has perished, and that Captain Rafael has been avenged against those who betrayed him."

Without a word Bancroft Edmunds raised the body in his strong arms, and following the maiden from the retreat bore it to a spot some distance from the rock.

"Let it rest here, and will be discovered in the morning," and Nellie paused at the path leading to the buccanier hamlet.

Bancroft quietly obeyed, laying the corpse by the roadside.

"Now we will return to the retreat for the stores, and make all haste to the boat. You have a good breeze in your favor and a staunch little boat, as well as a good sailer. I have also stowed away on board all that you will need for your cruise."

"Seniorita, I thank you more than I can express. One of these days I hope to do you some great service in return," and Bancroft Edmunds spoke warmly.

Nellie made no reply, but leading the way back to the secret retreat she said:

"Here is your bundle, senior, and this I will carry," and she raised the package brought by Luis Ramirez, while the young officer, after using it to carry both, and being repulsed, took up

the stores which the kind Velasquez had given to the maiden.

Through the darkness they went, Nellie leading the way, and in half an hour they arrived at the rock, overhanging the basin.

By means of the ropes the stores were lowered, and then, leading the way, the maiden descended the rope-ladder, adown which she was quickly followed by her companion.

"While you put your stores aboard I will get my boat, senior," and Nellie disappeared in the gloom, to appear a few moments later seated in her skiff, her hands upon the oars.

"We have to tow out. You take the helm of your yawl and steer, and I will row."

"No, let me take the oars; the work is too heavy for you."

But Nellie would not yield, and Bancroft casting off the line, the yawl moved out into the stream, towed by the light skiff.

Through the channel, not more than forty feet wide, the boats passed, the tide in their favor, and soon they came into another basin.

"Senior, there is where I made you prisoner. We return to the open sea by the same channel that brought you in," and Nellie headed across the basin to the opening through the walls of rock.

In a short while more out of the gloom of the channel-way the boats swept, past the pool into which the young officer had fallen, and thence to the open water, for the sea lay before them.

"Now, senior, I must leave you—the breeze will be good, once you get from under the land's lee," and Nellie arose to cast off the yawl's painter.

"Seniorita, I owe you my life, and should I ever have it in my power to return the favors you have done me, believe me I will gladly do so."

"I am sorry you have to run back against the tide, and I sincerely hope you will get into no trouble on my account."

Bancroft Edmunds spoke earnestly and held out his hand, as the two vessels drifted side by side.

The maiden grasped the hand, and said, sadly: "I did but my duty, senior. May you have a safe voyage, and may your life be a happy one. Farewell."

The American quickly bent, imprinted a kiss upon the little hand he held, and the boats drifted apart.

In the twinkling of an eye the huge sail of the yawl was raised, the sheet thrown to the wind, the compass drawn from the locker and placed by the side of a lantern, already lighted, and the buccanier's sailer started upon his perilous flight, alone upon the broad bosom of the waters.

Watching his departure, until the breeze caught his sail, and caused his boat to career well over and dash swiftly along, Pretty Nellie then lowered her skiff and headed back into the channel.

Though pulling against the tide it was not yet running strong, and she sent her light skiff swiftly back the way she had come and was soon at the spot from which she had started.

Hauling her skiff well up on the beach, she ascended the ladder, drew it up after her, and then sought a high point from whence she could overlook the sea, and by the aid of a glass, which she always carried with her, she beheld the little sail-boat far out from the land, rapidly skimming along.

She could not discern him who held the light craft on its course; but she knew he was there, making a bold effort for freedom.

Convinced that the yawl had gained sufficient start to hold her way well against the lugger, if it should sail within the next two hours, Nellie ran hastily down to her cabin, and there found her mother nervously pacing the floor.

"Well, girl, you are out late."

"Yes, mother, but I have been arranging to leave the island for awhile."

"What mean you?" eagerly asked the woman.

"I mean to go to Havana in the lugger. The senior Woodbridge says I can greatly aid him in the attempted rescue of Captain Rafael."

"Oh, Nellie, my daughter, do this and I will bless you. Yes, go with him—go with him," said the woman, coming close to the girl, and laying her hands upon her shoulders.

"And will you ask the chief?"

"No, no, no! He would refuse. Go, and I will say you have gone, when too late to stop you. There, let me get you ready," and Mad Maud bustled about, and various boxes took out wearing apparel, and put them in a trunk, until Nellie found herself possessed of a very rich wardrobe.

"Now, girl, here is gold for you. See, I put it in your chest—plenty of it—and you must not spend it. Let it do like water, so you get Rafael out of that accursed Moro's dungeons. Now go to the lugger and send a man after your luggage; I will wait here for him."

In ten minutes more Nellie was at the creek bank, and met there by Roy Woodbridge, who was escorted on board the little cabin, which he had already fitted up most comfortably for her reception.

"There, Nellie, you can make yourself at home; but what did your mother say?"

Gave her consent most willingly; in fact, seemed most anxious for me to go, and packed me a chest which I promised to send after."

"I will let two men go at once to the cabin after it. Now I must go up and get my last orders from the old chief. I will return in an hour, and then we will get to sea, for all is ready."

And the buccanier left Nellie to her own thoughts and went to see his chief; but for only a short while was the maiden alone, as the seamen soon returned with her baggage, accompanied by Mad Maud.

Then between mother and daughter followed a long earnest conversation, the poor woman, seeming no longer mad, as she suggested to Nellie plans for the escape of Rafael, and ended by saying:

"Here, my child, if you should need more gold—these, these are worth the ransom of a prince. Let them be my wedding present—see!" and Mad Maud placed in the hands of Nellie a necklace of beautiful diamonds, each one worth a thousand pesos.

"Let them all go if need be, to save him; he must not die! Now I must go ashore; farewell!" and the old woman pressed a hearty kiss upon Nellie's brow and was gone.

"We have left the creek now; will you come on deck?"

Nellie started; she stood just where her mother had left her—the diamond necklace still clasped in her hand.

"Yes, I like not the cabin when I can breathe fresh air," and thrusting the necklace into her bosom she went on deck with Roy Woodbridge, who had called to her from the helm, at which he stood.

Slowly, with the boats aboard, the lugger was moving down the channel, and in an hour's time had gained the open sea.

Then the sails were spread, and swiftly over the waters sped the really fleet vessel, all on board anxious to aid in the rescue of Rafael from that terrible death that threatened him in Havana.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DENOUEMENT.

WHEN Bancroft Edmunds left the pirate isle, he felt in his heart that he should arrive safely at the end of his voyage, and his anticipations, after several days of buffeting with the waves, sleepless hours by day and night, and arduous work, were realized, for he stood in, one pleasant afternoon, toward the coast of Cuba, and the banks of which glimmered the white walls of a *casa de campo*, among the cocoa and palm trees.

"Yes, I will seek the hospitality of yonder house for the night; and if the wind is fair, stand on to Havana to-morrow; if against me, I will get a steed and go on by land; but now, I am actually worn out," he muttered to himself, as he headed his boat into a little reef-sheltered harbor, down to the shores of which sloped the grounds surrounding the *hacienda*, or *campo de casa*, before the door of which was evidently the house of some wealthy planter.

Running alongside of a small pier, he sprang out; made his boat's painter fast to an iron ring, and ascended the walk toward the *hacienda*, upon the piazza of which he saw, as he approached, two persons seated.

Drawing nearer he observed that one was a gentleman in uniform—the other a maiden, tastefully dressed, and wearing the Spanish veil about her head and shoulders.

A few steps nearer, and a glad cry greeted him, in silvery accents and the Spanish tongue.

"Santissima! it is the Senior Edmunds!"

As she spoke the lady advanced from the piazza and grasped the American's hand, while he said pleasantly:

"And is it really you, Seniorita Inez? I really expected not this pleasure."

"Then you came not here to see me? I had flattered myself that you had."

Seniorita Revilla, I did intend to visit you up to the return from our cruise; but now I come alone and—"

"From where, Senior Edmunds?"

"From a buccanier island. I escaped, through the kindness of a noble maiden, only three nights ago; but that gentleman wears my country's uniform, I see," and Bancroft motioned toward the gentleman who was on the piazza with Inez Revilla, and who had walked a few paces distant.

"Yes, he is a naval officer of your country. Come, I will make you acquainted, for you seem not to know each other. Senior Melville, this is an old friend of mine, the Senior Edmunds."

Paul Melville, for it was none other, stepped forward, a smile of welcome upon his face and his hand extended, while he said:

"Senior Edmunds, I am most happy. You are an officer on the Sea Hawk, I believe, to which I am ordered?"

But Bancroft Edmunds stood like a statue, his bright eye fixed upon the man before him, and his voice was deep and stern as he said:

"No, Melville, though an officer of our service, and my superior in rank, I came not to take your hand, sir," and turning to the astonished Inez, he continued:

"Seniorita Revilla, if this man is a guest of yours, I will bid you *adios*."

"I explain myself, sir. There surely is some mistake," said Paul Melville, white with rage.

"There is no mistake, sir. Seniorita Revilla, you are entertaining a villain."

With an angry cry Paul Melville sprang forward, his hand upon a concealed weapon in his breast; but ere a flash of light Bancroft Edmunds dealt him a blow that laid him his length upon the ground.

Pale with dread and excitement, Inez Revilla knew not what to say or do, and turning to her, Bancroft said:

"Pardon me, seniorita, I was perhaps hasty; but Paul Melville, though an American officer, was for years a buccanier, and in escaping from them he attempted to take the life of a young girl who aided him."

"With a story of having been a captive to the coast of Cuba, he gained an appointment in the United States navy; for he is really an excellent seaman, and came to Cuba for the avowed purpose of betraying those who had once been his friends. All this I know; it was told me only three days since. Need I say more? You know me, and know what I would willingly slander any one—especially a brother officer."

Inez Revilla had known Bancroft Edmunds for two years, and he had been a great favorite of hers. Paul Melville she had met but several days before in Havana, and, at the invitation of General Murillo Sebastian, he had come out to the *hacienda* for a short visit, the old officer having taken a great fancy to the American lieutenant.

Hence, when Bancroft Edmunds made the charge he did, Inez Revilla believed him, and, as she believed Paul Melville, who, having arisen to his feet, stood gazing upon them, with the manner and look of a tiger about to spring upon its prey; but he felt that Bancroft Edmunds was more than a match for him, and with a bitter curse he turned away, walked a few paces, and then, he said, savagely:

"Lieutenant Edmunds, you shall answer for this. My address is at Pedro Nunez's *pulperia*. When you come to Havana send me your card—if you are not a coward."

Bancroft bowed formally and turned to Inez, while, leaning the wall, Paul Melville was soon after seen dashing away on horseback, at the full speed of the animal he rode.

"And your uncle, the general, he is here with you, seniorita?"

"Yes, Senior Edmunds; he is out over the plantation now. He will soon return. Since my capture, you know, by that buccanier, Ramirez, my uncle will not allow me to remain here without his personal care. You did not congratulate me upon my escape."

"No; but I intended to. Your having been stolen from your home distressed me greatly, and I was rejoiced to learn, just before we left Havana, that some gallant planter had rescued you. And Luis Ramirez was then your kidnapper?" and Bancroft gazed earnestly into the maiden's face.

"Yes, he came to me in a small vessel and stole me and my old nurse, as we were on the beach one day—oh! I do fear that man so."

"Seniorita Revilla, you need fear him no more; he is dead."

"Dead! Luis Ramirez dead? It cannot be; you must be mistaken, senior."

"No, he died by my hand. We had a *duello* and I ran him through. I had often heard of him, yet never met him; but after his death I learned who he was."

"Where did this happen, senior?" asked Inez, with considerable feeling in tone and manner.

"On the pirate isle, where I have been for a short while a prisoner, and from which I was released by the very young girl whom Paul Melville sought to slay."

"You surprise me, and now that you have made me your *confidante*, I will tell you a secret: the man who saved me from Luis Ramirez, took me from the little cabin where that man held me prisoner, and restored me to my uncle, was none other than Rafael the Rover."

"What! that it was a Don Bernardo somebody, a planter?"

"So it was reported; but it was Don Rafael; yet, not a word of this to my uncle."

"No, you can trust me; but, Seniorita Inez, the Rover is now in trouble."

"What mean you, Senior Americano?" asked Inez, nervously.

"I will tell you, and in his distress he has my sympathy, for he is not, after all, the very devil that he is painted, but on the contrary a man of many noble qualities. Now that he has treated you so well, I positively have a high regard for him. Listen attentively, and I will tell you all that I know about Rafael the Rover."

In a few words Bancroft Edmunds made known all about the daring part that Rafael had played, Paul Melville and his own capture by Nellie and release, with all that he had heard about the young buccanier chief.

The loss of the Curse of the Sea, as told him by Nellie, the betrayal of Rafael by Ramirez, and the young chief's noble sacrifice, with all that he had heard of Paul Melville, he told his attentive listener, for the maiden drank in every word.



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Sunshine Papers.

The Match-making Season.

If there is any season of the year when matrimony is not an important and uppermost theme in the average female mind discovery of it is yet to be made. We have never heard of weather so hot or so cold, so damp or so dry, that it could interfere, in the least, with wedding prospects and wedding journeys. And yet, perhaps, there is a time, in the recurring of the seasons, when love-making and match-making are more diligently attended to than at others; if so, it is during the summer months. Then is the time when the young yachtsman is in his glory, and the young women, who are charmed to accept his favors, find particularly good opportunities for claiming assurance and protection, close by his manly side, as the pretty skiff terrifies the dear creatures by an unusually energetic dip among the sunlit, foam-tipped waves, or gliding close to some ghostly shadow of rock, or grassy-reef, under the soft silver shine of summer stars and crescent. And even the brisk young shopmen, and workers of all manner of manufactures and trades, can find opportunities, during the genial weather of the warm season, for whispering soft something to blushing damsels, in the cosiest retreats of excursion boats or lingering upon leaf-arched settees in the public parks.

Summer is the time for all manner of outdoor sports and parties. There are croquet clubs and archery-clubs, rowing matches and equestrian parties, regattas and rides, and walks, and festivals, and flower shows, and races, and every conceivable kind of picnic and excursion—from the exclusive five-dollar-a-ticket ones to those of ten-cent admission fees in the larger bays, where Gretchen goes with her night-key to wait half the night away with Fritz, who "tends" at the corner grocery. In summer there is so much out-of-door life, and such constant meeting of the two sexes under circumstances that lead them to make pleasure the order of the day, that it can but happen that young women and their mamma—and the latter personage is an important factor in the settling of young people's future destinies—look forward to that particular time of the year as one peculiarly adapted to the arrangement of matrimonial campaigns.

In summer all humanity takes a vacation and every young man and young woman, and mamma with marriageable daughters who can by any manner or means afford it, by any scrimping in the household economy, by any shams or deceptions for the benefit of the world, will take a vacation and go abroad somewhere summering.

And then it is that mamma keeps a good

watch over the young men who hover about their daughters, and young men make careful inquiries concerning the young ladies who dress stylishly and are lavish with their smiles; for with both parties eligibility is to be considered, and eligibility, in nine cases out of ten, both to the young man and the young woman's mother, means money.

And how about the young ladies themselves? Oh! we do not pretend to think them perfect. Of course there is more or less truth in what is being so constantly said and written concerning the calculating character of the girls of this day, in regard to their settlement in life; but we are inclined to think that it is rather less than more. While, no doubt, many a girl, not in love, can, and perhaps, does, shrewdly and coolly philosophize concerning the kind of establishment and the amount of money the man must have who aspires to her hand, yet we believe that with the majority of them, young woman-nature remains much as it was in days of yore; and when a girl loves—even the American girl of to-day—she forgets her pursuit of wealth, and finds the best riches in the true heart and earnest devotion of the man who has found the magic key to the sealed treasure of her sweet passions.

But the mothers, the worldly, worldly mothers, how through these summer months they are striving to teach their daughters to scorn all the sweet theories of marriage for esteem and love alone, and to smile upon any man who carries them a blazing diamond and a fine establishment. And it is but a fit recompense for those mothers who teach their girls to make "good matches" rather than *love matches*, and for the daughters who allow themselves to be wedded to a man for the mere sake of securing a handsome home, that very often, after the most desperate maneuvering to accomplish these results, the wife finds herself but a despised and contemptuously-treated slave to her master's caprices.

We know not how many vows of love have been made this season under moonlighted skies, or formally and pompously ratified in hotel parlors or *peres's* counting-room; but of them all, we can safely affirm that those which will result most happily where the "I love you, Adalia," did not mean, "I love your father's bank account, Adalia." I have been lounging about this watering-place several seasons now, in the hope of finding a young woman whose father had sufficient fortune to enable his daughter to pay her husband's cigar and tailoring bills; and the "Yes, I am sure I love you, Henry," signified simply, "I am sure I must marry you, Henry, because mamma wishes it; but if I had my way, I would rather become the wife of young May, on his twelve hundred a year, than be yours with all your money."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AN ANSWER.

ONCE in a while somebody asks my advice. Strange as it may appear to you such is actually the fact; but remember, it is *only* once in a while. This once in a while happened quite recently, and the question asked me was such a strange and incomprehensible one that I was, for a moment, taken quite aback, and thought, for the time being, my questioner was jesting, but when I looked into his sober, serious face I saw he was in earnest. I told him just what I thought (it is a way I have) and as I thought many others might like to ask the same question I considered it to be my bounden duty to let the world have the benefit (!?) of my advice.

Here was the question: "Do you think it is best for a young man to go to work early in life, or pass his time in observation for a few years and see what is going on?"

Here cometh the answer. In the first place, by "observation," you really mean idleness. I don't believe in idleness at any time, for if the hands are at rest the brain should be working. I don't mean to say that we should never rest, because rest is not idleness, it is a necessity. What good does idleness or inactivity do any one at any time of life? If we were intended to do no work I believe Adam would have had a retinue of servants born at the same time he was, to wait upon him. Youth and early manhood are the times to work, because they are seasons of freshness, life and vigor.

It is this idleness—this "taking a few years to look around and see what is going on"—that has been the evil genius of so many promising young men; wrecked lives that were given for usefulness; brought ruin and desolation to many a heart; plunged into misery many a loved and loving heart, and brought disgrace on all around. If a young man has money and is not *obliged* to work I think it is his duty to learn some useful trade or profession, for there may come a time when necessity will compel him to resort to it.

When a young man with plenty of money is brought home to his parents in a state of intoxication, don't you suppose the wish that goes up from his mother's heart is that he should go out to work for a living and so keep his mind busy, his hands employed and his thoughts off riot and dissipation?

God gave us the hours. Have we any right to waste them? He gave us work to do. Is it for us to refuse to do it? Is there one passage in the Bible that advises us to be idle? If the sower had not gone to sleep the enemy would not have sowed tares in the field. I believe that people become "tramps" not so much because they cannot find work to do as because they will not do the work that is offered to them—not from any inability to work, but from sheer dislike of it brought on by early idleness.

Only consider how much benefit a few years of hard, persistent study will do one—how it will store the mind with treasures that are above price! It is this study that makes men truly great.

Prospective fortune must not deter one from constant, faithful labor. I clip the following: "Some rich men allow their sons to sport around and 'have a good time,' but Vanderbilt never did. His boys must attend to business, first, and see about the 'good time' afterward. Each has to be at his post just as regularly as any engineer or conductor, and stick to it until his work is done; so, you perceive, that with that shrewd observer and hard worker independence does not mean idleness."

When a boy or girl has done some piece of work did you ever notice how proud he or she was—a pardonable pride—in showing us the fruit of labor and saying—"I earned that?"

I wish we all earned what we receive and we should value our possessions far more. "Middler" is an amusing character; it makes us laugh; but we despise him thoroughly, as a man, because he was "waiting for something to turn up." We have too many "Middlers" all around us, idle and shiftless beings who will not work, and who think, because they are unsuccessful, that "luck is against them."

When there are so many things to accomplish there is no need nor necessity of being

idle, and so I say—go to work early in life and you will feel that you are performing the mission the Creator has given you to accomplish; and, while you are working, don't forget to say a kind word for others seeking employment. Bear in mind the maxim: "As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence." That maxim always reads to me as though it meant that we shall be held accountable for all the kind words we might have said but were too chary—either through laziness or miserliness—in using them. It is a fearful thought—that so many ill deeds are transpiring and so many good ones left undone, when if the latter were used they might prevent the former. EYE LAWSLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

That Great Yacht Race.

I EXPECT I might as well give an unbiased report of the great yacht race which recently astonished the civilized world and took it by the ears and shook it until its legs didn't touch the ground.

It was an international match. An Englishman, with the audacity for almost anything, challenged any American yacht for the largest purse ever competed for in these waters—the purse was two feet wide and five feet deep, and would hold fifty thousand dollars in silver.

I had suggested the largest cup that had ever been in the list—a tin one, four feet high, but with drew when I heard that people would think I would be at my old trade—after the tin.

After accepting the proposition I bought the oyster yacht Sally Ann, and thoroughly overhauled her. I had her keel scraped, and hull thoroughly whitewashed, until she looked like a thing of life, or a thing of two lives. She was the fastest thing after an oyster that was ever seen.

The Englishman, J. Bull, Jr., came over in the Seven Up to procure the proceeds and take back home the renown.

The proposition was this—the yacht who ran the greatest number of hours in the least number of miles—or that ran the least number of miles in the greatest number of hours—or, I might be allowed to say, the yacht that could tie the most knots in the shortest possible space was to have the purse and divide it with its owner.

We unhooked from Sandy Hook at ten o'clock sharp, and started out under a wind which somebody was blowing from the shore so fast that the knotty question was—how many knots are we going?

We kept at first neck to neck, and it looked as if the English yacht wanted to be on too familiar terms and walk along with my yacht without any invitation, thus breaking the rules of polite behavior.

She began to trespass on our space, and I had to yell to her managers to keep back or avoid the consequences—the consequences were, as I forgot, the purse, but I was so mad that I forgot all except the consequences.

She began to crawl ahead, and as a consequence we fell behind; the fall hurt us considerably.

I got excited and yelled: "Put more rosin and turpentine on the fire," but they announced that it was a sailing and not a steam yacht. I begged apologies, but considered how a fellow had a right to get excited when the honor of the whole United States is at stake, and I instinctively shouted: "Whip up them mules!"

At 11 o'clock we were both well ahead, the Britisher standing on my lee quarter like a fellow on my corns, and I immediately ordered all umbrellas hoisted, when we spurted ahead gradually, and the Englishman discharged a broadside of thirty-pounder explosives into us, which considerably increased the wind, but, bad luck to it, he spread a few extra sheets with table-cloth, all with holes in, and was soon making up lost ground—or sea, rather. Oh, how I prayed for a storm! I would have been thankful for a squall and would not have spanked the baby either.

At this critical juncture the taffrail swung round and struck the mate on the glass of something which he was mixing for himself, knocking it out of his hand. It was a bad disaster, and seriously disabled him, and when I ordered the crew to stop crowing, and lighten ship, they threw overboard the wrong keg, and of course we had no time to stop ship to pick it up. Then I was *sure* we would be beaten.

What would be the use of 1776 if a Britisher should beat us in this great international yacht race? I saw plainly that the war of the Revolution would have to be fought over again if that should happen, and ordered that all the morning journals should be unfurled; I had taken them along to get the benefit, in a pinch, of the wind that was in the windmills.

This sent us along at the rate of twenty knots to the stick, when a sea struck us which washed off the cook; he had not been washed off for a month; this lightened the craft some pounds and we began to hold our own.

I had the presidential chair of the United States in view if I won this race and exerted myself accordingly. I even ordered all the crew forward to push at the windlass to make her go faster, and vowed that I would throw overboard any one who had any drawbacks of any kind even on his suspenders.

We were going so fast that we left a wake behind which was very weakening. We woke up everything. How glad would I have been if the British yacht had run on a stump, but of course there were no stumps. I knew the eyes of England and America were on us although nobody could see us.

At twelve o'clock we were both a little behind.

All at once they began to go ahead, and I saw that they had set all the crew to blowing in the sails with bellows. That was not a fair international thing, so I ordered my crew to open their mouths and catch all the wind which otherwise would be wasted, and to spread their ears to the fullest extent. By this means we held our own and some of the crew were so tired when going so fast that we caught up with the horizon before it could get out of the way.

My yacht went like it was going on legs or wheels, or was greased, and the British captain swore in the purest English when I offered to throw him a rope, for he was falling behind and hurting himself in the fall, and I ordered the crew not to feel so big, as it might materially weight the yacht and impede her speed, which was so soon that we could not tie knots fast enough to tell how fast we were going.

As the independence of the United States was at stake, I felt somewhat elated, and the Britisher began to feel belated correspondingly.

I shouted to him to get a pole and push along; he was a length short of me, but his face made up for the lack, for it was as long as your arm. He soon began to see that instead

of a race it was nothing more than a chase, and turned about with the evident intention of seeing whether he could not be the first one home, but we beat him in that little game, coming in on a shorter route.

I naturally feel proud to think that the United States are not under British rule on account of this event. Britannia may rule the seas, but not this season, nor these waters. I got the purse, and all I want is something to put it in. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Winnist.

Topics of the Time.

Washington Territory is represented by her newspapers as anxious to become a State, but her population still falls short of 124,000, the number on which representation in Congress is based.

Commissioner Seth Green has lately been examining the perch and sunfish that have died in great numbers in Lake George. He finds that the disease is a fungous growth on the gills, resembling pulmonary consumption, and warns the people against eating the fish. The gills of a perfectly healthy and edible fish are always a crimson red in color. Eat no other.

There were in this country, in 1877, 166,000 liquor dealers licensed by the United States government. The amount of money annually expended for liquor in the United States by consumers is \$600,000,000, and yet what a howl there is from every town in the land about taxes, hard times, poor pay for labor, want of work, etc., etc. A decree that would utterly cut off the living cure of liquor making would indeed make us a prosperous people.

In the mode of indulging in the use of tobacco, there is the greatest diversity, and nowhere is this more strikingly manifested than in the Philippines Islands. It is not till evening that the inhabitants of the higher class begin to stir; till that time they are occupied in eating, sleeping and smoking tobacco, which is nowhere more general than on the island of Luzon; for children, before they can walk, begin to smoke cigars. The women carry their fondness for it to a greater height than the men; for, not content with the usual small cigars, they have others made for them, which are a foot long and proportionally thick. These are here called the "women's cigars," and is a most ludicrous sight to see elegant ladies taking their evening walk with these burning brands in their mouths.

Queen Victoria's last unmarried boy, the Duke of Connaught, is having most of the presents for his bride, the Princess of Prussia, prepared in Paris. Among them is an opera-glass, a crown of diamonds, a silver-mounted watch. The crowned cipher of the princess stands out in diamonds and precious stones, and the whole article is covered with gems, the richness of which does not exclude their application with good taste. Well, what of it? As he don't have to pay for it, why shouldn't he order what he pleases? The poor queen, his mother, with an income of over two million dollars per year, couldn't help the lad a bit, so the "look" forged on the House of Commons the other day, in a word, he wants the depth of Blackburne, the far-seeing acuteness of Zukertort, and the scientific knowledge of Winawer. It will be noticed, however, that the two chief prize-winners had to lower their colors to him, while the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Zukertort, Winawer and Blackburne won the first three prizes in the order named.

We have so suffered this year from what has been termed "heat waves" that the curious are quite justified in asking—What is a heat wave? Nothing but a vast volume of heated air moving from the west to the east, by virtue of the earth's motion on its axis. What produces the heat? The sun, of course. Why not every season, then? Why this season hotter than any other? Because the sun is a variable star, like some of the other stars, as proven by several facts, but especially by the periodic "spots" which come and go with a period of about eleven years on his surface. The sun, as the author of all the light and heat of our solar system, is, it is pretty evident, not to be depended upon for stability; and, if, any day, he may have an outburst of spots that will burn us all up; or, on the contrary, he may so withhold his heat as to freeze us all as stiff as the north pole.

A cure for sea-sickness would indeed be a great boon, for the *maladie du mer* is a veritable terror to a large class of people. A gentleman, seeing the query of Mrs. W. B. W. in a late issue of the JOURNAL, asking for a cure for sea-sickness, writes us:

"When about to cross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water, and to suck it from time to time. As a remedy for sea-sickness, to which I was much subject, I did so, and found it a perfect cure, and after the voyage I found that the ice had been very useful, and I had no sea-sickness, and I felt much better than I had done before. The ice was kept tightly pressed against the back, so that its coldness may be fully felt, and as the ice becomes water the water must be emptied out of the bag and fresh ice put in."

For which information we are sure thousands of travelers by sea and lake will give grateful thanks.

It is well for us to remember that the Chinese, despite their acknowledged advancement in the commercial forms of civilization are terribly degraded morally and superstitious beyond any people outside of Central Africa. They are a public menace to the world, and the degradation of the Digger Indian. Their religion is the grossest idolatry. They believe in and practice infanticide unrestrained by law, and that they are cannibals we have the data of the recent famine to prove. In a letter received in Shanghai, from the Roman Catholic bishop of Shanghai, Monsignor Monagatta—who is a resident of Tai Yuen, the capital of a province in which famine has been raging with the most fearful severity—he says: "Until lately the starving people were content to feed on the dead; but now they are slaughtering the living for food. The husband eats his wife; parents eat their children; and in their turn sons and daughters eat their dead parents. This goes on almost every day."

The first Chief Magistrate of our Republic, George Washington, died when he was but 68. Five other Presidents of the United States lived to be 80 or more—John Adams dying in his 93d year; Thomas Jefferson, at 83; James Madison, at 85; John Quincy Adams, when almost 81, and Martin Van Buren at 80. Six more lived until past 70—James Monroe, who died in his 73d year; Andrew Jackson, at 78; John Tyler, at 74; Millard Fillmore, at 74, and James Buchanan, at 77. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Chief Justice Marshall lived to 81, and Chief Justice Taney to 87. Charles O'Connor is 74. George Bancroft and Caleb Cushing are each 78. Simon Cameron is 80. Thurlow Weed is 81. Peter Cooper is active at the age of 87. The death of William Cullen Bryant, a victim of sunstroke, is mourned as premature, even at 81. Richard Henry Dana, the poet, who first introduced to the public the author of "Thanatopsis," more than sixty years ago, survives him at the age of 91. Walt Whitman is only 59. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 71. Whittier and Longfellow are each 71. Emerson is 75.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Grave at Malvern Hill;" "The Last Days of Summer;" "The Royal Spy;" "The Dark Lady of Dundee;" "Kitty's Entanglement;" "Thief or Gentleman;" "Wynnet, the Saco."

Declined: "A Mother's Love;" "Experience;" "Leaf from High Life;" "Scarlet Hand;" "Never Merry for Love;" "That Cousin of Mine;" "Bachelors' Hall;" "Scraps;" "A Quaker Constable;" "Lending Much but Borrowing More;" "Seeking and Finding;" "Petered Out."

M. D. A. Poem may be good, but ink is so pale that MS. is illegible. Use only good black ink.

C. C. C. You cannot command pay for such poems as you write. They are decidedly immature. T. C. Sketch good enough for use, but we have no space for it. Send it to one of the Cincinnati weeklies.

WILLY. Have delivered papers. Tell the lady to see "Declined" list in No. 442. The step your friend so ardently advises would unquestionably be generally beneficial if you can divest your mind of old-time prejudices.

INEX. Poverty is a hard taskmaster, but it must not be pressed upon us to constrain our acceptance of matter. To permit appeals to our sympathy to affect our choice of contributions would be to doom the paper to financial destruction. We are ever pained to have such pleas made for them only make rejection the more disagreeable.

WELCH. Buffalo Bill's ranch is at North Platte, Nebraska, where he now is. He is a cattle-raiser, but pursues stage-life a portion of the year. The "organized hunting-parties" are not to be found in any particular town or place in the West. Such parties are made up anywhere, and then go west to Laramie, Cheyenne or other points, secure their guide and outfit and then go into the hunting-grounds.

CUBAN. Children born anywhere of a naturalized American citizen are, in the eye of the law, American citizens. If a husband is naturalized the wife need not be, as she is not a voter. Names are such a matter of pure fancy. How would Allen, or Rose, or Grace, or Edith do? As to going West to practice dentistry the West swarms with "jaw surgeons." If you are a good dentist, leave the office of the large towns in your own State would be preferable, we should think, to going further away.

ZISKA. Have heard of the remedy and presume it is excellent; there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining the constituents. Many a cure for bodily ills lies in such simples. Moth patches, sawdust, dark rings under the eyes may become permanent skin defects if not at once removed. A certain named was a great favorite with Roman ladies, who were celebrated for the beauty of their complexions and the firm of their skin. This texture can be acquired and maintained by proper attention.

LOUISE. Much depends upon circumstances. There certainly is nothing derogatory in your accepting money actually earned. The acceptance of independence is equally becoming and desirable. "Clanking" is now too silly paid to make it a profitable calling. If the talent is good, and you have money, and are still doing so, it must be from their evening extra work under their aunt's patronage. If they will permit you to sing, or you can perform the service occasionally for pay, it will not be to your disparagement thus to earn your "pin money," and be, to a degree, independent of the never-to-fail home purse.

ADDIE E. T. Many a "first-class singer" in this country never went abroad for instruction. We have in all the large cities excellent teachers of voice, several of whom are of the highest talent, and whose voices have become somewhat impaired for stage use pursue the career of teaching and training voices for concert-room and stage. If you do not aspire to the operatic stage, there is not the slightest need of "European tuition." If your voice is as you represent, it will be a fortune to you if properly cultivated. Let Sallie Reber in an Ohio girl. She has never been abroad, we believe. She is this summer singing with the Louise Cary combination. Address her at Newport, R. I.

MRS. T. L. S. writes: "What are the best kinds of fruit for breakfast, and how should they be served? Most kinds of fruit are good for breakfast use, in fact, use any kind, rather than go without. The fruits, however, which are supposed to be especially adapted for breakfast use are the varieties which tend to stimulate the system, such as apples, blackberries, tomatoes, oranges, pineapples, plums, tart apples, currants, gooseberries, grapes, and cherries. Tomatoes should be peeled and sliced thinly and evenly, and kept upon the ice until ready to serve; indeed, all fruits should be very cold, for which reason it is best to prepare them over night and keep them on the ice until morning. Apples should be wiped clean, cut in half, seeds taken out, and a lump of ice placed in each bowl. Currants are very fine stemmed, and should be washed, and then chopped fine. Peaches are generally served whole, as are oranges. The fruit should be served directly upon the family gathering table, as most people prefer to eat it before touching more substantial edibles, in order to obtain a better appetite for the latter."

MINNIE MAYNARD writes: "Many agreeable acquaintances are made during the summer season, and boarding-houses, often, perhaps, after this fashion: There will be boarding at a small hotel, among the mountains, where a young man and his sister, likewise strangers to the other guests; a young lady, alone—each, perhaps, gaining strength for the opening of the season—also acquainted with any one there. The two ladies make each other's acquaintance; the two gentlemen do; and, in time, all the four come to know and to enjoy each other's society. Now what I want to know is how far it is advisable and proper for the ladies to carry on a flirtation with these gentlemen; especially in regard to the lady who is there without an escort? If you have reason to believe both young men to be true gentlemen you may carry on the acquaintance after your return, hereafter, find out the young man or get some relative or personal friend to do so."

SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES. We certainly approve of your desire to form an archery club; and since you leave it to our advice, we advise you to do so, as you will probably find it pleasanter, and you will be stimulated to greater efforts. It is quite possible for you to be as skillful with the bow as the male members of the club, and you should aim not to be excelled. Fifteen members will be quite a goodly number. The ladies' costume we would advise short skirted skirts, of leaf-green, with a dress-coat, buttoned over a linen shirt, and a hat of white or black, with white or silver braid. Whether coat or Breton basque is worn with the skirt, it should be made loose to admit of the full play of the muscles. Your organization must be governed by rules, and should be as few and simple as possible—something like those adopted by rifle clubs. It would be well to have a public meeting, and to hold it during the season, at which prizes may be won for the best shooting. Medals may also be used, changing hands from month to month, or to the winner of the championship at each monthly trial. If the club adopt a badge it should be a ring, crescent, or arrow, wrought in silver. You will find archery a most fascinating exercise, and there is scarcely a game in which a lady can display so much grace.

JENNIE AND SOPHIE write: "We are two country girls, and as there is no stylish dressmaker in the place we send for patterns and make our own costumes; and we so often see helpful notes in your answers to correspondents that we thought we would come to you for a little information. How should sleeves be made to a dressy silk skirt, and how to a mourning dress? How trimmed? For a watering-place, quite fashionable, would it do to wear for morning a black silk skirt with white sacques, or ought we to make metal dresses? One more question, and please do not think us troublesome. If the white sacques will do, how should they be made to be dressy, and of what material? Dressy sleeves, except for a traveling-dress, are made very tight and very short. For a dressy silk suit they should be cut off just a little below the elbow and made to come just halfway between the elbow and wrist by a fall of side pleating, lace, or other loose style of trimming. A mourning suit may have its sleeves finished after the same style. Lavens, or gaudies, and all manner of thin dress goods, and for morning wear, are finished with elbow sleeves trimmed with ruffles, tucked or edged with lace. The black silk skirt with the white sacques will do nicely. The sacques are made with French back and one dart, or none, according to taste, in front. They should be quite long, with tight, short dressy sleeves; and the favorite material is sprigged muslin. These are trimmed with Russian or Torchon lace, and lined with pale pink, blue, or green, figured, and ornamented with bows of black velvet or colored ribbons. Others are made of figured nanooks or lawns, and trimmed with Hamburg edgings and insertions, or with tucks, puffings and ruffles."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE CROQUET QUEEN.

A WARNING TO CROQUETTERS AGAINST COQUETTES.

You may talk about skating, and sleighing and dancing.
Proclaim the delights of the rod and the gun;
Of the ride through the park upon steeple gaily
prancing.

The row on the lake until daylight is done;
Praise the sports of the land, and the water each
one—
The bath by the beach, or the yacht on the sea—
But of all the sweet pleasures known under the sun,
A "good" game of Croquet's the sweetest to me.

To make it a good one there needs a good ground;
The grass close-cut and the turf softly rolled;
The mallets well set square, the balls thorough
round;

And the bridges set square, with true distances
told;
The players close matched—about four to a side—
Four sweet girls for partners, or not less than
three.

All playing in earnest—no trifling aside—
In the croquet arena no flirting should be.

For nowhere is flirting with such peril fraught—
Not even in dancing is danger like this.
Ah! well I remember myself getting caught
At a croquetting match, by a croquetting miss!

They called her the "Croquet Queen," *je ne saisis
guoi*;
There were in the arena good players as she,
But something about her—look that gaily I saw—
Ere the game was half ended she "queened" it
o'er me.

Her figure was faultless—nor tall, nor petite—
Her skirt barely touched the top lace of her boot;
I've seen in my time some remarkable feet,
But never one equalling that little foot.
Its tournure was perfect, from ankle to toe—
Praxiteles ne had such model for art—
No arrow so sharp ever shot Cupid's bow.

When poised on the ball it seemed pressing your
heart!

It crushed more than one, as I sadly remember—
A dozen at least in the sweet month of May—
And long ere the season had reached to September,
It numbered of victims a dozen a day.

As one on the list you won't wonder, I ween,
That I warn you 'gainst flirting while playing this
game!

You may meet, as did I, some fair croquet-ling queen,
Who will croquet your heart, till it feels all adieu!

Typical Women.

MARIE LOUISE,

The Unworthy Successor of Josephine.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HAD not "motives of state" induced Napoleon to repudiate Josephine it is quite probable Marie Louise of Austria never would have occupied a prominent position among noted women—certainly never would have been reckoned worthy of place among typical women, if by that term we mean women of representative or significant traits of character. She came not from obscurity, for she was an emperor's daughter, the offspring of a great house; but her almost unformed character left her a name to make, and the name she made became great only from association with those who were great.

And yet, she assumes a prominent place in history as the successor of Josephine, Empress of France; as the wife of Napoleon and the mother of Napoleon's only legitimate child.

Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria, was the eldest daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and therefore grand-niece of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose sacrifice by the *sans culottes* of the guillotine made a Napoleon possible. So to him, in events mock justice, shock consistency and impalpable honor, Marie Antoinette was butchered to rid France of monarchy; Marie Louise was made empress to give France an emperor.

She was born 1791, in Vienna; was there educated, and at eighteen was pronounced one of the most cultivated and beautiful of all the princesses of Europe. But the disturbed condition of affairs, and the rapidly changing fortunes of kings and royal succession made her alliance wholly a question of Fate. Little her father thought that Fate would make his mighty enemy, Napoleon, the husband of his beloved child!

Napoleon, in the tremendous campaign of 1809, approached and besieged Vienna. Europe literally was at his feet. Germany was conquered, humiliated, devastated; the very name of Frenchman was detested—dreaded as the synonym of sacrilege, rapine and desolation. After Germany fell Austria; and Francis I., driven into his own capital, was forced to such terms as the master dictated.

During the siege Marie Louise was confined in the royal palace, sick with the small-pox, unable to be removed. Hearing this Napoleon ordered the palace to be spared, not dreaming that he was extending clemency to his soon-to-be wife.

Even then his separation from Josephine had been resolved upon, for, as stated in our paper, the repudiated empress, on his sudden return to Paris, from the dreadful battlefield of Wagram, in October (1809) he had the passage in the palace at Fontainebleau, leading from his private apartments to the rooms of Josephine, bricked up, and thenceforward the "separation" was final, although not formally and publicly consummated until Dec. 16th. That act left him legally free to wed again; so he cast his eyes over Europe among the greatest reigning lines and chose the sister of the Czar Alexander. The czar was only too ready to place his adversary by such an alliance, but his mother resisted so stoutly that no immediate answer was given; whereupon the suitor immediately turned to the young and accomplished princess of Austria. Francis I. of course could not do otherwise than say yes. Marie Louise had no voice whatever in the matter; she was merely an *objet*, to be used as the fortunes of the house demanded—or, as she herself aptly expressed it, "a victim sacrificed to the Minotaur." Napoleon wooed as he fought, with disagreeable rapidity; for the marriage took place in Vienna, March 11th, 1810—the Archduke Charles standing as proxy. Napoleon had no time to attend in person upon a ceremony where a substitute could answer as well.

The very next day the wife-by-proxy started for her husband's bed and board, a magnificent retinue of attendants and servants accompanied her to the Bavarian frontier, where she was met by a French guard of honor and attendants. The Germans were then all dismissed—Marie retaining only her excellent and beloved governess. She doffed her German costume and put on the French. Her new maid of honor was Mad. Lannes, and the mistress of her dressing-room was the Countess of Lugay. They soon quarreled with the governess, and she left Marie at Munich, so that the forsaken girl was utterly among strangers. What wonder she was taken and sad, nor took much interest in her magnificent progress? Considering that she had left a lover behind her, who held her heart in his keeping, and was going to meet a husband she had never seen, merely to become the mother of his children and thus perpetuate the line of Napoleon, it is scarcely surprising that the young German woman shrunk even from the advances of her lord and master—not his advances in *propria persona*, but by letter, for he had no time to fool away on wooing. At Munich she received her first letter from Napoleon, and daily, thereafter, a special messenger reached the *cortège* bearing a letter from the emperor to his betrothed.

This, however, did not suffice. As the cavalcade approached Paris only by short stages, rendered necessary by the fetes and vast concourse of people that met their carriages at every village and city, Napoleon, we are told, grew impatient to see the bride; so he mounted and rode away in hot haste to Soissons, near which city he came suddenly upon the *cortège*, in a drenching rain and leaping from the saddle sought, unannounced, the bride's carriage. Into it he bounded unceremoniously, to be introduced to

Marie by Caroline Murat, her traveling companion. Napoleon was wet to the skin; Marie was weary, sad and frightened; so the first meeting was not a harbinger of happiness, and of cordial association to come.

This was followed by an order to drive on with all rapidity to the emperor's elegant quarters at Compiègne, where the bridal pair arrived late that evening. How did the emperor welcome his tired guest? By ordering her to her apartments for rest, and by gentle ministrations to her disturbed spirits? Not at all. He proceeded with her to his private parlor and kept her there all night—talking—an indignity which only confirmed her distress of mind, if it did not induce actual dislike of the man.

The marriage civil took place in the Tuilleries April 1st with much ostentation, and on April 2d Cardinal Fesch bestowed the benediction in an imposing public ceremony—the bride's train being borne by three queens—Hortense of Holland; Julie of Spain; and Catharine of Westphalia.

There followed for the young wife imprisonment in her own sumptuous apartments. She had to endure the incessant presence of one or more of his six noble ladies of honor—women of inherited titles or of eminent connection. Her rooms were only accessible, even to the emperor, through an ante-chamber wherein slept one of these ladies, so that it was wholly impossible for any one to approach the empress unless under surveillance. Even the wife's letters were written for her by one of these ladies. It would seem as if Napoleon was inordinately distrustful of her fidelity and took these precautions to make her "above suspicion." Not an unusual course for men to pursue who themselves are to be distrusted. Napoleon as father was then providing for his children, the young Count Walewski and the infant Count Leon; and as the entire Court was honeycombed with marital corruption it is not singular that he should have taken extraordinary measures to prevent any scandal or suspicion regarding his wife of state.

She, however, seemed submissive to it all,

capital and demand the Regency for herself and the succession for her son, and thus keep the unpopular Bourbons from the throne? Not she! On the contrary she espoused the cause of the allies, and when Napoleon, on the 11th of April, at Fontainebleau, formally renounced all claims to the thrones of France and Italy, for himself, his wife and his son, it was with her full assent, and having had conferred upon her the three little duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, she went—whither? With her exiled husband to Elba? Not she! She went to Vienna, and never saw Napoleon again, nor seemed to take any personal interest in his fortunes; save, indeed, to openly declare, on his return from Elba, the next year, her wish that he might be overcome.

If here could end the record of Marie Louise it would have spared the name and memory of an empress from shame; but, as she did not pass to the privacy of her father's home to remain there in seclusion; nor, after Napoleon's transportation to St. Helena and his death, remain in honorable widowhood, the biographer is forced to state that her life was one of disgraceful indifference to moral rectitude. She removed almost at once to her Italian duchies, leaving her son in Vienna, a virtual state prisoner, and orphaned, for she apparently had deserted him designedly; left the child of Napoleon to perish miserably while she lived in open and undisguised intimacy with Count Neipperg, bearing him three children during Napoleon's lifetime. After the great exile's death, and just before Neipperg was to die, he was secretly married to the ex-empress (1829)—thus to legitimize the three children. The eldest, a daughter, and the second, a son, have their family name yet well preserved in their descendants.

Marie Louise lived and reigned in Parma until 1847—when she died—neither regretted nor thought of, for she had almost passed from public observation.

In France, to-day, Josephine's name is revered; Marie Louise is scorned as "the Dutch Mistake."



The Croquet Queen.

Whom Will She Marry? OR, BETH FOSS, The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN'S FINESSE.

"Hitherto she kept her love concealed."

And with those graces every day beheld

NOVEMBER had come with its gray days, and its cold skies, and its chill winds that had swept the fallen leaves of Greenville's many maples into great, dry, rustling piles along the village streets. The last of the summer residents had departed, except the Thorne family, and they were preparing to close their house; a young newly-married clergyman had been established in the parsonage left vacant by Mr. Foss; Jeimima Pierce had found for herself a home with a niece, a well-to-do farmer's wife, and the people were busy with the preparations for the first fair, indeed was becoming actually stale. And the Greenville populace were really thirsting for some new excitement. When, one morning, it was reported about the village that a doctor had been sent for, from the Sewalls, during the night, and had yet left there, there, a little item of news, and the speculation it engendered, was quite a godsend to the community. Soon a fresh store of information was in circulation—Mr. Sewall was dead. And before nightfall every one had heard the rumor which later facts proved correct, that the gentleman who was supposed to be so affluent was completely bankrupt and had left his family utterly penniless.

Mr. Sewall had been a man of prominence and influence in Greenville. Wealthy himself, and regarded as a prudent and fortunate financier, his advice upon money matters had always been sought by his humbler neighbors, and freely given; and scores of them had trusted to his care various funds for investment. But at last there came to him an hour of temptation. Upon one golden bubble he staked all his own fortune, and some of the moneys of others; and the result was utter ruin—news resulted in a fatal attack of apoplexy.

While these events were happening in his home, overweighing his gentle, delicate mother with grief and despair, Harry Sewall was just

completing the business which had called him West and was preparing for a brief return to Greenville, previous to his establishment in New York to pursue the study of his chosen profession. To him, despite the disappointment that had stabbed him keenly at his parting with Beth Foss, life looked wondrous bright. Possessed of fine physique, of perfect health and strength, of a wealthy, idolizing father, of a well-cultivated and untroubled freedom, and of a course in life which was most in accordance with his tastes and ambitions, he could not but feel that existence was a grand and enjoyable gift, even though his long-time sweetheart had denied him the crowning glory of her love and life. And even regarding Beth, he felt more hopeful than on that morning when she had refused to listen to his suit. He could not believe that Rial Andral was actually his rival, that Beth's few weeks of association with him could ever have a serious result. He knew that Mr. Foss would never approve of such a lover for his daughter. He told himself that Beth had not quite forgiven the little quarrel which had occurred between them the previous day, and, besides, had been unnerved by her mother's death. She had not been at all herself. When he should see her again, he felt that his chances to win her hand would be infinitely better than they had been upon the unlucky morning when he had made his first proposal. For Harry had heard no word of the events connected with the parson and his daughter which had convulsed Greenville society with excitement. His father had been his only correspondent from there, and, besides being little given to gossip, Mr. Sewall's mind had been too overtaxed with business anxieties, of late, to admit of his sending his son more than the briefest notes.

And so, when, one dreary November day, Harry Sewall saw himself facing the platform of a car at Greenville station, having crossed upon the road the telegram notifying him of his father's death and funeral, he was entirely unsuspecting of the cumulative trials that awaited him—his father dead and dishonored; his home in the hands of creditors; his help-mother and two little sisters dependent upon him; his own loved career closed upon him; and Beth—while only disaster and disgrace had come to him, Beth, free, had entered the gay world, an heiress to greater wealth than he had ever dreamed of acquiring.

It was scarcely strange that when one fair, bright face smiled upon him still, and a little gloved hand nestled into his the day of the funeral, and a soft voice whispered:

"We go away, day after to-morrow, Harry; you must come and say good-by to me before then," that he promised to do so, and gladly sought brief relief from his troubles, the next evening, by spending an hour with Miss Thorne, who spared no efforts to impress him with the beauty of her blue eyes and blonde curls, while she talked with him of what he had already heard concerning his former sweetheart.

"And now," said Flavia, after the manner of young women in general, false to her friend because of the gentleman in the case, "I suppose Beth will put on all the airs of a millionaire's daughter, and forget the very poor people whom she has been brought up. I am not sure that even mamma and I will dare to call upon her august majesty."

"You must be joking, Miss Flavia," replied Harry, gravely. "I know that Beth is not that style of young lady."

"You think not?" cried the yellow-haired Flavia, watching her companion with a little malicious sparkle in her eye. "Why, it is nearly always the way with people who are not born to position; and see how quickly she deserted her old friends for Mr. Andral!"

Harry winced inwardly, under this thrust.

"I think it is scarcely fair," he said, calmly, "to assume that it was Mr. Andral's wealth that won Beth's liking; nor am I sure that she cared for the other than she would have done for any pleasant, gentlemanly companion thrown into her society as he was, almost constantly, for some weeks."

"Aren't you, indeed?" laughed Flavia, a little ring of defiance in her voice. "Then you do not think as every one else did."

"That she ran away to meet him? No, I do not. Has it not been proved otherwise?"

Flavia bestowed upon her questioner an arch glance.

"It has been proved that she did not elope with him; but has it been proved that she did not intend to do so, or for what reason she left her home, if not to go with Mr. Andral? But we will not discuss that question. Of course I do not approve of runaway matches. I hope I have been too well brought up ever to disgrace myself and my friends in that way; but as for the rest, why, for my part, as Beth was so desperately in love with Mr. Andral, I do not see why she should not marry him. In fact, I expect the denouement of the whole affair will be cards for a grand Foss-Andral wedding, before the winter is over."

"Since Beth was so desperately in love with him," Harry kept repeating to himself. Surely Flavia ought to know the truth; the young ladies had been almost constant associates. But, even if this was a mistake, if Beth was not desperately in love with Andral, and had not meant, when she ran away, to marry him, how changed was his own position toward her, and hers toward him, since that September noontime when he had told her of his longings, to share her sorrows, as her affianced husband. Then, it had seemed to him quite natural that she should quickly and proudly accept of what he had proposed as his. Now, even if she had no other lover, was she likely from the height of her new life and prosperity to smile upon him, and wait for the time when he again, might be free to offer her his love, which, as Beth was so desperately in love with him, doubtless, scores of suitors would seek her hand?

And then, suddenly, he asked himself, bitterly, why he should think these thoughts at all. Had not Beth refused him once, and had he not said that he would forget her? Forget her, indeed, he would, and he would. And he turned more gayly to listen to Flavia's merry conversation, and gave her his promise, with a half-feeling of gratitude that she should so anxiously desire it, to call upon her, often, when they were both established in town.

"You see, through Mr. Sewall and mamma, I know something of your plans," she said, at the plump hand she had given him in farewell to linger a moment, softly, in his, "and I dare to hope that your sacrifice of your profession will not be for long."

"It must be until even cent of my father's indebtedness is paid, and I can suppose my mother and sisters comfortably, while I pursue my studies," he answered gravely. "So you see that my chances of being admitted to the bar must be very distant, if, indeed, they are not forever blotted from existence."

"And you are going into business with your uncle?"

"Yes"—a trifle bitterly—"into pork-packing! Unromantic enough, is not it? But my uncle has made me a generous offer and I cannot afford to refuse it."

Though he spoke bravely, almost defiantly, Harry Sewall's whole soul revolted against the destiny forced upon him. But upon his bitterness a soft voice fell fraught with tender sympathy, and red lips murmured:

"I will not believe that misfortune can hold you in thrall long; but even if it does, remember that all is not lost while one friend remains true to you and one heart is constant."

Harry Sewall glanced swiftly into Flavia's sapphire eyes with startled questioning; and met a look of defiant, tender confession that changed to shy confusion. Here was a fair woman, in the very face of his trouble, mutely betraying her love for him. The man who under such circumstances could have remained cold and unresponsive must have been more than human. Harry Sewall gave the hand he held such a warm, convulsive grasp, as drew its fair owner nearer to him. The golden head drooped, a half-parted, tempting, eager red mouth came close to his, and a kiss touched his lips; whether he was betrayed into taking it, or whether it had been voluntarily bestowed, only Flavia Thorne could have decisively averred.

When Miss Thorne entered her own room, where her trunks stood packed for her departure in the morning, she cried aloud to herself: "What do I care that I have confessed my secret to him? It will be a temptation to him, when he is in New York, and lonely, and struggling with fortune. And if I can win his heart—all things are fair in love and war—why should I not, when I have loved him so long?"

Miss Thorne surmised rightly that the confession of her secret could be a temptation to Harry Sewall. He could not quite define the feeling, half of aversion and half of pity, with which he thought afterward of that scene between himself and Flavia. He told himself that all the more, because of this betrayal of her feelings, in his position, he should avoid rather than seek her society. And yet he found himself often longing for sympathy, or even the sight and sound of a familiar face and voice, while alone in the great city, repressing his cherished hopes and struggling by devotion to a business most distasteful to him, to maintain those dependent upon him; and so fell into the habit of calling frequently at the Thornes' pleasant home.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROSES AND THORNS.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws, its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

THE last night of the year which had been such an eventful one to Beth Foss, found her family established in a stately new home, and lingering over a grate fire, amid the luxuries of her boudoir.

It was a charming suite of apartments—bath-room, bedroom and dressing-room—which Madame De Witt had furnished with exquisite taste and lavish expenditure for her daughter. The walls were daintily frescoed, and hung, here and there, with choice pictures. The velvet carpets were finished with wide oriental borders; the satin furniture was one mass of voluptuous upholstery; silken *portieres* hung within the embroidered window-shades, and supplied the places of doors; the bed was half-hid in tent-like draperies; tables, baskets, ornaments, toilet appliances—everything that could contribute to convenience and enjoyment was generously supplied, and the colors that prevailed everywhere, in exquisite harmony, were azure and gold. And the young lady who sat with her pretty little furry-slipped feet crossed upon a hassock before the fender, and her lustrous brown hair falling in a glittering cloud down over her richly-embroidered dressing-gown, was not the least attractive feature amid all this beauty.

Early in the evening her mother had playfully sent Beth to her rooms, with the command that she was to retire directly, that she might be charmingly fresh and bright for New Year's day; but the striking of the last hour of the dying year found her still sleepless and deep in thought.

She had been recalling that day when Jeimima had come to her at Miss Hallgarten's, and told her of the strange events that had resulted in her father's leaving his native land for a foreign mission field; and that evening when Max Duncan had called, and she had greeted him with eager thanks for all the trouble he had taken for her; and the conversation that had ensued.

"And you must be my counselor, until I can get advice from papa. How soon can an answer come to the letter you sent him, if, as Jeimima says, it was forwarded immediately from Greenville?"

"Not under some weeks. In the mean time I think I can tell you just what Mr. Foss would wish you to do."

"Go back to Greenville and stay with Jeimima until he can send for me?" anxiously. "But you do not know," hurriedly, "how I dread to do that. I feel that I have no friends there, after the unkind way in which my friends have treated my father, and—the wretched things they believe of me," with an effort to be proudly calm that brought a sudden delicious flush to her cheeks. "Do you not think Miss Hallgarten would let me stay with her a few more weeks, or could you find me some other quiet place where I could keep Jeimima with me?"

Max had answered with a pleasant laugh: "Don't worry about going back to Greenville nor dream that your father will allow you to bury yourself in a foreign country. None of these arrangements are in the least such as I think Mr. Foss would make for you."

Then Beth's gaze had met his, questioningly, wonderingly.

"You have heard," hesitatingly, "of my father's troubles? You cannot refer to my mother—mean that I would go to her? In a town of mingled incredulity and intense aversion. Through the representation of Jeimima, Beth had regarded her mother as responsible for all the undeserved unkindness and disgrace heaped upon her father, and as being altogether a person whom it would be her duty to avoid. She had not learned, then, the entirety of Madame De Witt's history, and the light in which it was looked upon by persons less prejudiced than Miss Pierce and of more worldly experience. But Mr. Duncan had met her horrified, amazed look with an amused smile.

"I certainly do refer to your mother, or, as she is known to society by her maiden name, Madame De Witt. I happen to be one of her personal friends, and can assure you that she is a most charming woman—cultivated, talented, elegant and beautiful. Any young lady is to be envied who can call such a woman mother. She is tenderly anxious to make you her companion and charge; and I have excellent reasons for believing that had Mr. Foss never left his quiet pastorate in Greenville, he would have sent you to fill the place in society to which, as Madame De Witt's child and heiress, you should be accustomed."

"What reasons have you for believing so?" with wide-opened eyes. "Could my father have helped hating a woman who had deceived him?"

Max told her the history of Madame's past, as he had heard it from his uncle, and of the communications Mr. Foss had had with Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt; and that Mr. Tremaine, himself, would visit her upon the morrow and Madame De Witt within a day or so, and that the plans her friends proposed were the proper ones for her to adopt. And when he went away he had left Beth beset with conflicting emotions and strange new dreams.

When Max had talked to her of her mother, Beth had smiled more than she had smiled to her. Indeed, everything connected with Madame De Witt had assumed a new light. Besides, she longed keenly for chaperonage and companionship; and before the lawyer made his visit, or her fascinating mother came to put the decisive seal upon her daughter's bright dream, Beth had resolved to accept the golden career upon which smiling fate, with beckoning hand, waited to lead her. And Jeimima, protesting and indignant at her favorite's degeneracy, returned to Greenville, to seek for herself a home, while the parson's daughter left to the past her thoughtless, merry girlhood, its later loneliness and sorrows, and entered into the midst of luxury, novelty, and associations, that seemed to promise to her excitement-loving nature an existence of perpetual delight.

"I will not believe that misfortune can hold you in thrall long; but even if it does, remember that all is not lost while one friend remains true to you and one heart is constant," Harry Sewall glanced swiftly into Flavia's sapphire eyes with startled questioning; and met a look of defiant, tender confession that changed to shy confusion. Here was a fair woman, in the very face of his trouble, mutely betraying her love for him. The man who under such circumstances could have remained cold and unresponsive must have been more than human. Harry Sewall gave the hand he held such a warm, convulsive grasp, as drew its fair owner nearer to him. The golden head drooped, a half-parted, tempting, eager red mouth came close to his, and a kiss touched his lips; whether he was betrayed into taking it, or whether it had been voluntarily bestowed, only Flavia Thorne could have decisively averred.

Yes; she had felt already the sting of a thorn in her path of roses. Something had happened that had vividly recalled the scenes of the past, and its folly and remorse, and had set her to

when time comes—Apache no warrior—they squaw—know nothing."

Again the low, unmarred laugh, more strange coming from one who never indulged in mirth, broke from the lips of the Tonkaway.

The Rangers remained a moment silent from the veriest astonishment and gratification; then they wrung the hand of Raven, and sprung to their look-out at the verge of the timber.

The Apaches were gazing with superstitious awe at the strange fires and the swaying corpse; their whole attention was directed in that direction, and they had not as yet observed the also very strange sight behind them, of two single men coming like the wind toward them, and three more from another direction.

Big Foot crawled back away from the border of the woods, motioning his comrades to slide in a humid and excited way, and said:

"Cum on, an' git fur ther horses; every thing's cummin' out hunk. Hurrah fur our pards! We must be ready to take a hand!"

The whole of the party made fast time for the mustangs, eager to be in at the grand wind-up in prospect.

In the Indian camp, the braves seem to be not only greatly mystified at the unaccountable sights that they see in the river bottom, but their faces show that they attribute the fires, and swaying corpse to supernatural causes, as they do everything they cannot account for.

They now turn their gaze toward the point where the Texans had been, and see plainly that their foes had no hand in the strange appearance, for Big Foot and his party having galloped down beneath the friendly screen of the trees, have resumed their clothing and taken their former position, leaving their mustangs fully equipped, ready for use.

Big Foot and his comrades could now easily watch the Apaches, and also have a plain view of their several friends, who were coming at great speed over the prairie, toward the band of Apache braves.

Full a mile nearer the Indians, than Reckless Joe and his companions, rode the Red Trailer. He was mounted upon a wild mustang, which he had in some manner captured, and had secured the saddle and bridle from his dead horse.

His appearance was more frightful than ever; his clothing was torn in shreds from riding his half-subdued horse through the brush, and his limbs were scratched and bleeding from the same cause.

His wild, piercing eyes were riveted on the Apache camp, and with insane cunning, he was silent, seeming to know that his yells would alarm his enemies, who were not aware of his approach.

The Indians still gazed with wonder and concern upon the bewildering sights amid the bottom-timber.

The long soft grass upon the prairie served to deaden the sound of the hoofs of the mustang ridden by the madman; but as he came on to within a quarter of a mile, they experienced ears detected his approach, and instantly all the Indians turned to the new wonder—of a single white man charging madly upon them.

They instinctively coiled up their lariats, but, not fearing any harm from a single horseman, they did not move. A number drew their bows for use, and others drew their knives, when the Red Trailer came near enough for them to observe closely his appearance, the arms were lowered, and all gazed in superstitious awe and dread at the new mystery.

When the madman, who had been observed, his horrible yells filled the air, and instantly all fairly seemed to fly, covered with foam and filled with terror.

Making directly into the midst of the Apaches, they parted and shrunk back in consternation at the demand of man now rushing upon them singly-handed.

So strange and unaccountable had been the mysterious fires and the swaying corpse, that the sight of this unearthly figure was instantly connected with them, by the Indians, and they, thinking that the Evil Spirit had certainly pounced upon them, became powerless, until the revolver of the madman sent death amid their crowded ranks; and before they could act on the defensive several had gone to answer for some of their bloody deeds.

Will emptied his six-shooter, then, being without a weapon, he made his frightened and tang plunge in among the terrified braves, wrenched a lance from one and impaled another, who was just drawing an arrow to shoot him at close range; then, reaching down from his saddle, he, with the strength of a giant, seized the Apache chief. Holding him above his head, perfectly powerless from being in the grasp of such a being, the wild rider drove spurs into his mustang, who plunged wildly, snorting with fear, and sprung clear of the war-party, and, unharmed, bounded down the river, disappearing beneath the branches below the point where the Rangers, under Big Foot, were waiting. With wild shouts the Rangers then mounted their horses and stood ready for a charge upon the demoralized Indians.

Instantly after the disappearance of Red Trailer with his chief, the Apaches sprung upon their steeds, and in a huddled mass, uncertain what to do, gazed about them.

To the north-west on came Joe, Tom and Larry, their Sharp's rifles at a ready, and on came Kit in a thundering gallop on untamed prairie stallion, his hair flying in the wind, and without a hat, having something of the same appearance as the madman, and believed by the Indians to be another evil spirit.

From the river charged Big Foot, Jack, Clown and the Tonkaway.

There was a moment of indecision as the Apaches glanced, in increased amazement, at the foes by which they were beset; then, with a fierce yell of desperation, they charged toward the three Rangers coming from the north-west, preferring to cut their way rather than meet Kit, the supposed counterpart of Wild Will, to the south.

But as soon as Reckless Joe and his two comrades saw the Indians coming toward them, they halted and let fly with their rifles, giving them three volleys, one after another, in quick succession, which caused such disorder that they recovered, Kit, with his revolver, dashed entirely through their ranks, and afterward the balls from the party headed by Big Foot in their rear, cut them down like reeds.

Now came the grand charge of all. Kit turned his stallion, which had carried him some distance away, and headed again toward the Apaches at the same time that Reckless Joe's party from one side, and Big Foot's band from the other, with their deadly revolvers came down upon the doomed reeds like an avalanche, and poured in lead like hail in a northern direction.

Texas yells, war-whoops and death-hoofs together with death-shouts of wounded braves; the sharp volleys of revolvers; the twang of bow-strings, and hissing of arrows and bullets strung and sent hurtling through the air.

As the last death-yell broke on the air, as the last Apache gasped away his life, and while those who had been so strangely parted were grasping each other's hands, Wild Will's yell burst once more upon the prairie air, and he went thundering past to the north, holding the Apache chief up before him.

The chief gave a horrified look at the dead braves, lying in one slaughtered pile on the plain; another of intense hate at the Texans; but this was changed again to horror as the Red Trailer's yells burst forth, and he was borne away, he knew not where, and by—he knew not what; man or devil.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

UTOPIA.

BY WM. W. LONG.

When the soft mists of eve were falling,
And cover with a garment land and sea—
When Memory in her halls seems all enchanted,
In Fancy's light we dream of thee.

Yes, thro' thy castle halls we wander,
Where perfumed lights are softly beaming;
And strains of music on the unseen air,
Float out in echoes seeming.

Then slowly to the earth returning,
We seem to float upon the ocean's breast;
And thou dost lead us out and onward,
To some fair Isle of Rest.

These magic isles upon a summer sea,
Where forms of beauty fill each glade,
And wander by the sparkling fountains,
And rest beneath the orange shade.

I see the forms and witching faces
Of sweet companions of the long ago;
Forms that I lost in youth's bright morning,
When crushed, my spirit lay in woe.

I reach my hand to clasp in friendship
The gentle youth and blue-eyed maiden;
When, oh! the vision quickly fades away—
'Tis thou, Utopia, I thought Aiden.

Yet when this earthly pilgrimage is over,
Our bodies resting 'neath the sod,
Where the pure Son of Righteousness doth hover,
We may with them dwell in the bowers of God.

Pretty and Proud:

OR,

THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUAKERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHECKMATED.

It was seven o'clock of a bright, cool, starlit evening.

Lights were fitting here and there through the two stories of a plain frame dwelling standing quite by itself by the side of the plank road which stretched across a long breadth of Jersey swamp.

This "public house" had little patronage, except from the owners of fast horses, who stopped there for a feed for their animals and had a lunch for themselves—certainly always for such refreshment as may be found in a "whisky straight" or a "brandy smash." This evening there appeared to be more to do than usual, the landlady was bustling about from the bar to the kitchen, in which latter place might be found signs of an approaching feast, in the shape of a good, hot supper, with fresh fish, roast fowl, fried oysters, coffee, and so forth.

Down on the marsh, behind the tall flags which marked the land, in the autumn wind, three men were crouching.

Driving up the road from the direction of the city came a carriage in which were also three men—one of them wearing the black robe of a priest. This vehicle drew up at the door, and the priest went out to welcome his guests and to see to the horses which one of the gentlemen had driven, thus making it necessary for the landlady to take the team around and see that his stable-boy did his duty by it.

Mrs. Garrant found the little newsboy, who had been hanging around the place for the last twenty-four hours, very "handy."

She put him in charge of the pan in which the oysters were being fried while she went to attend to the bar. He did the bread-crumb bivalves to just the right shade of brown, and she was much pleased with his work, promising, on her return to his kitchen, to give him a good supper if he would stay by and help wait on table. The boy said he was willing.

In a few minutes the delicious viands were placed on the table and the trio of gentlemen summoned. They appeared to enjoy the meal in a chastened, subdued way. Of course they spoke sadly of the poor, insane young wife upstairs; but their appetites were not ruined by thoughts of her. The priest was very sympathetic, though his eyes glistened with the consciousness of two double gold eagles in his pocket.

There was only a single bottle of sherry on the table—not a glass of punch, not a mouthful of "Blue Grass," yet long before the comfortable meal was finished the voices of the three grew thick and hoarse; they looked at each other with stupid, glassy eyes, and presently, one by one, gave signs of some "drowsy spell" which was fast wrapping their senses. The landlady, who had done the carving, stood it, making it as if the guests had been drinking freely before leaving the city, and that the oppression of the room had done the rest.

"Let them nap awhile, if it suits 'em," he said to the "handy" newsboy.

"Yes, sir, of course, sir," was the meek response.

Then the black-eyed, handsome little chap stole out to the stable and surreptitiously ordered the hostler to harness up, saying that the priest was in a hurry to get back to his home.

The stable-boy obeyed his orders, while he proceeded in the direction of the clump of flags, whistling, or trying to whistle.

His signal, at all events, was heard. Three dark figures silently arose and stalked forward toward the house, like phantoms, grim and spectral.

The landlady did not regard them as phantoms, however, when they suddenly appeared before him in his own bar-room, each with revolver pointed at his trembling heart, and demanded the key to the room of the young lady whom he had found dead in the swamp.

Determined to resist them, he backed into the dining-room and calling for reinforcements; but the three guests, who started up aghast at his summons, sunk back in their chairs again, stupidly.

"What in the devil's name is the matter with you fellows?" queried the landlady; but a grunt or moan was the only reply.

"Very well since you refuse the key, we will break down the door," and the intruders marched up the stairs, led on by the red-checked newsboy, to a certain door.

Garrant concluded he had better unlock it than allow it to be battered in, so he did as required, with an ill-grace.

There stood Mercedes, tall and lovely and pale, like a lily that had been transported to some kitchen-garden. With a glad cry she rushed into Lord Henry's arms.

"My own dear love! Thank God I have found you," he cried, holding her an instant to his heart. "But we must hasten! This is no place for you, my darling. Let us get out of it."

As they now as she had been pale, Mercedes held out her hand, with a charming smile, to the old earl, who first kissed it, and then drew her away down the stairs and out into the yard where the carriage stood with the horses attached.

He placed her inside, climbed in himself and called to his son and Meph to hasten. Lord Henry was waiting to persuade Maraquita to come with them; but she, now that her plan for the rescue of Mercedes had succeeded, refused to return to the city with them.

"No, no, I shall remain here. My life has nothing more to do with yours. I shall stay by Bill. He may strike me again when he comes to his senses; but I shall stay by him, all the same. Farewell, my lord. Tell your lady-love I shall always remember her. Let me give you one piece of advice—marry Miss Mercedes to-night! Then you may really be her friend and protector. She is alone, without near relatives to care for her. If you wish to have the right to befriend her, make her your wife, without

further delay. Circumstances indeed now demand it."

"God bless you, Maraquita! You have been a noble friend to us. If I thought—if I dared—I should be the happiest man on the face of the earth."

"Tell her that I say she must consent to the only course that will straighten the tangled threads of her and your own fate. Tell her Maraquita commands her to do it."

Again the earl called his son. Meph was on the box, the reins in his hands. The pale Spanish girl, whose eyes were now dull, and whose hot cheeks were growing colorless, noticed that her words had kindled a light of happiness in the blue eyes of the young nobleman.

"I shall persuade her to obey you, dear Maraquita. Good-bye. Good-bye. Surely we shall see you to-morrow."

Mercedes looked back wistfully, when she found her friend was not coming, but the horses dashed away at such a rate of speed that she had only a glimpse of the slim figure standing under the light of the lamp in the tavern-yard.

"Who the deuce are you, anyhow?" asked the angry voice of the landlady in Maraquita's ear.

"I reckon I'd better send for the police," said she.

"That would be the worst thing for yourself that you could do. Those persons who came for the young lady are not people to be trifled with. It will not be good for you or your house to have it known that you kept an innocent woman a prisoner here, because two scoundrels paid you for doing it."

"Listen! those guests of yours have taken morphine in their drink—not enough to seriously harm them. Get them quietly to bed. They will be all right in the morning. Now, if you please, I will have that supper your wife promised me, and I, too, will go to bed, for I am wearied out."

"You are the devil's own! I dare say you'll do as you please, my pretty chap," growled the landlady, who was wise enough to conclude that the boy had given him good advice.

When the boy came out of his room, the following morning, the tavern-keeper and his wife stared in astonishment.

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evening incense through the great cathedral of the world, domed over by the sapphire sky.

"That one wretched year of my life seems like an ugly dream," said Mercedes. "Before that I was a spoiled child; since that I am a spoiled wife."

The rays of the low-sinking sun fell over her golden hair as her husband looked at her fondly and proudly, believing that he had the sweetest and most perfect of women for his own.

Certainly, amid the dozen or two of noble ladies gathered at Essex-court for the month of September there was not one who could compare with its beautiful mistress.

"I believe my father is as proud of you as I am," declared Henry.

Mercedes sighed, thinking of her aunt—her brilliant aunt Esther, who might have been with them in glory and honor, if trouble had not driven her into her grave.

Just then a horseman came riding up from the nearest railroad station, with a telegram, which a servant brought and placed in his lady's hand. She trembled a little as she opened it; a telegram coming to a house seems always ominous.

It was dated at San Francisco and was from the lawyer of "the late Benjamin Brant," informing her that her father was dead—killed by an accident in his own mines—and that, she being the sole heir to an estate worth, it was estimated, \$5,000,000, he would await instructions from her before doing anything toward settling it up.

Mercedes was shocked to hear of her father's death; but that it was a heart-breaking grief for her could not be expected. She wept more because she could not feel for him with a daughter should feel, than for any deeper pain.

In a short time, acting under the earl's advice, she sent an agent to look after her interests in California. The news of her immense fortune gave her a new idea, and, with some, greater than her perfect beauty and charming manners. It was admitted, even by other jealous beauties, that Lord Henry's American wife was no discredit to an old name and an honored position.

Mercedes had written several times to Maraquita, to San Francisco, without ever receiving any answer. About this time, however, a letter came to her, with some faults of spelling and composition, but very precious to my lady for all that. It told her that Maraquita was now happy and contented. "I am living with my husband," it said. "He is ill, but not less well for some months, and at last he sent for me, saying he felt the need of me; so now I am very happy taking care of him. All the old bad, bitter feelings are put away. The doctor says he thinks Mr. Alexander has a good chance of recovery. My care, and that makes me very happy and contented. Write to me, my sweet friend, my dear young lady, and that will be the next best thing to seeing you. I received your letters, but could not answer them while I was so miserable. Now all is changed, thank you, to the blessed Mary Mother."

"Your fond friend, MARAQUITA."

THE END.

A New Story by this charming author will soon be given—a story of a girl's heart life that is as rich and as powerful as "Pretty and Proud." We are pleased to know, has produced a fine impression, and, on the Pacific coast particularly, has been read with intense interest. Californians have discovered in it more than one portrait "drawn to the life." In the next pages, the keen-eyed author has "struck home" on a family and personal history that will command attention.

There exists in this country the grossest ignorance as to what constitutes a thoroughbred horse. Nearly every agricultural society in the land has as its premium list for thoroughbred horses; and yet few of them have a definite idea as to what is requisite to render a horse eligible in this class.

So many cases are referred each year to stock judges, or to journalists, (who are supposed to know everything), from the managers of county, State and district societies for a decision as to eligibility; and many of these are cases in which a very slight knowledge of the subject ought to enable the officers of these societies to decide for themselves.

In the first place it should be understood that we derive the term, as well as the breed of horses to which it applies, from our British cousins across the water. The term, when applied to horses, is used to designate one particular breed, and that is the running horse.

In England this blood has been kept pure since the reign of Charles II., without any admixture save an occasional fresh infusion of Oriental blood from the East. It was originally fresh created; and no horse is a thoroughbred unless his descent can be traced, in an unbroken, unmixed current to this ancestry. Stud books were introduced at an early date, and the pedigrees of thoroughbred horses have long been kept with the most scrupulous exactness, nothing being admitted to registry that is contaminated with any outcross however remote.

All our American thoroughbreds are, therefore, imported from England, or are descendants of animals so imported. A recent cross to the blood of the Arabian, while it does not vitiate the blood nor render an animal ineligible as a thoroughbred, is not usually regarded as desirable, from the fact that the course of selection which has been practiced by the breeders of thoroughbred horses in England and America, for the last hundred years, has given us a race that is generally conceded to be far superior to the Oriental horses of to-day in speed, size and stoutness. The compilers of stud books for thoroughbred horses in this country have relaxed the English rule somewhat, and admit to registry animals that show an unmixed descent for five generations of pure blood; and while, under this rule, many animals may be admitted that are not, in the strict sense of the word, thoroughbred, yet if for five generations nothing but thoroughbred sires and dams are to be found in the pedigree, and none of our imported or native draft-horses, are eligible to compete for premiums offered for thoroughbreds, they would spare themselves much trouble; and nine-tenths of the money spent for postage stamps in writing up information on this subject would be saved. No pedigree that has Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Abdallah, Morgan, Bellfounder, Hiatoga, Mambrino Chief, Royal George, Patchen, or any other of our prominent trotting sires in it, can belong to a thoroughbred. It may appear strange to some that it is not so for us to make this statement; yet we have seen premiums awarded in the thoroughbred class to trotting stallions, at both State and county fairs, quite often; and we have known some cases where imported draft-horses have been entered in this class, and were supposed to be eligible.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

In regard to the true buffalo range in the great Platte valley and the necessary mode of getting to the ground—the outfit, character of meat, etc., etc., we have this information to give—in answer to many inquirers—received from one on the spot.

The usual starting-point for hunters bound for the Platte Valley is the town of Greeley on the east, and from some small stations on the railroad in the west, but they are not good points, as it is hard to obtain supplies and teams.

A two-horse team is required, whether the number of men is two or more; they carry provisions sufficient to last a week, or ten days, with cooking utensils and plenty of blankets, and the feeding grounds are reached by two full days of steady driving. There are some settlers, but no accommodations are looked for, and the hunters

always camp out, sleeping on the ground or in their wagons. The roads are hard and dry in early spring—the best "season"—but the nights are frosty and sharp, and those not used to camping shiver in the cold and get blinded with the smoke. Those who understand the case will take fuel along, for all timber ceases fifty miles below Greeley; and if wood has been neglected the only resource is buffalo chips, which burn quickly but make a great smoke.

It is by no means easy to come near enough to buffalo to get a chance to shoot desirable animals, such as fat calves or dry cows. Many of the inexperienced find that the meat costs them fully ten cents a pound. Good hunters, however, crawl along the ground or wait in gulches, and they have great success. The meat is brought to the towns in quarters, and it sells from three to four cents a pound. At first the taste is not relished, and usually a year passes before one comes to like it; then it is preferred to beef, and choice animals are equal to the best stall-fed. The meat is cooked in a great variety of ways, and the bones make excellent soup. Mixed with pork, fine sausage is produced, and in mince pies it reminds one of New England.

Large quantities of hind-quarters are pickled twenty-four or forty-eight hours, hung up and dried, and the result is a highly desirable food, undoubtedly superior to beef. Some men have made this branch a special business, and they have dried several thousand pounds. The robes are brought to the towns and usually sold at two dollars each. There are tanneries or curing establishments at Greeley, which buy all the green robes offered, and after curing them, ship them to Eastern cities in bales of ten each. It is said that the white men's curing is inferior to that of the Indians; this ought not to be disputed, for it is the female Indian who does the curing, and no one would be so rude as to deny that her workmanship is superior.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-pareil measurement.

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AT THE CIRCUS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The show had come. She said she'd go. We went, Miss Jane, my little neighbor; I paid the fare, two fifty cents; I saved it up with care and labor. She held my arm as we passed in. How fine that hand was, several carats! My heart was filled with pride and love. And oh, the monkeys and the parrots!

I think I never shall forget The evening of that happy Monday; I felt I was supremely blest. But then the apes and anacanda! Her gentle smile it pleased me well. She was so tender and confiding. How lovingly I watched her face— And dog upon the elephant riding!

The bloom was tender on her cheek; It almost smelt of flowerful closes; I gazed on it with longing eyes. And then at the rhinoceroses. How fast the time went! Sure it seemed That every moment love was speeding. The happiness glowed in her eyes. And oh, the lions and tigers feeding!

We sat down on the barren board; A throne it seemed, though rather risky; How gently did she smile on me. And at the clown so gay and frisky! I held her hand within my own— It seemed so natural and handy. How sweet I felt to see her pleased. And then the peanuts and the candy!

It seemed to me like love's young dream Which suddenly had grown to real. What could he mean, that her smile! And that man tumbling like a wheel! To far-imagined nectar turned. The lemonade which we were quaffing. How earnestly I missed her smile. Until the clown set me to laughing!

The pride I felt that blessed night. Was worth long years of waiting, praying; There was a music in her laugh. And then the band sweetly playing. Indeed it seemed a gala night. In which all longing hours had centered; My thoughts could find in her Jane. Until the riding lady entered.

To know that she was by my side. Was joy, although the air was torrid; I was enraptured in dreamful bliss. But oh, that horse and pistol horrid! I seemed in an exalted state. From which I never would be humbled; I said: "Dear little Jane, my heart is— Is— then the seats beneath us tumbled!"

She spoiled her hat, and bumped her nose; It seemed that me all bruises singled; Such closeness of humanity. I think was seldom seen commingled. To gain her seat for goodness' sake. With tenderest love I tried to bribe her; She went and joined the Methodists. Beweaving shows—and the subscriber.

Tales of an Army Officer.

DEATH OF YELLOW HAND.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER.

I HAVE known "Buffalo Bill" for years, and that he was one of the best scouts on the plains was well aware, but had never seen his courage tested until I witnessed his killing of the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, a year ago the past June.

The Fifth United States Cavalry were under orders to scout between the agencies called Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, and to drive in all Indians who were leaving those reservations to join the Sioux, or predate on emigrants on their way to the Black Hills.

Buffalo Bill was our chief of scouts, and we could not have had a better, for there was not an officer in the command who did not have perfect confidence in Bill's judgment.

We were camped on Hart Creek, about forty miles from Red Cloud, and within sight of what is known as Sheridan's Pass, and had just had breakfast, and "boots and saddles" had sounded, when, "lickety-split," in came Frank White, one of the scouts, and rode up to the general.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"The jig is up, general! The Indians are in force farther side of the range. Haven't seen your camp yet."

"How many are there of them, White?"

"Nigh onto five hundred, I reckon."

"How far off are they?"

"Three miles and a bit."

"Send Cody to me!"

"All right, sir."

Away went White after Buffalo Bill. The general at once gave orders to stop all noise in camp, no firing of pistols or carbines, to put out the fires at once and that the command would "stand to horse" at ease.

Buffalo Bill reported while the general was giving the above orders, and was told at once to ride out and bring in a report as to the Indians, their number, position, and the best manner of making an attack upon them.

Bill was gone about twenty minutes, when he returned at a run, and as soon as he got in sight motioned to the general to join him.

When we reached the top of a little divide, that separated us from Hart Creek proper, we saw what Bill meant. About a mile and a half from where we were we could plainly see two couriers on the Spotted Tail trail coming at a hard gallop; in a gulch about a quarter of a mile from them were a party of twenty Indians who were, we could plainly see, about to head them off. The couriers were entirely unconscious of the near proximity of their enemies, and, unless they were aided, would certainly lose their hair. We ourselves were out of sight from either party, and had a splendid view of the maneuvers of our red brothers. Bill said:

"Let me go for them with the scouts, general."

"All right; you shall; but, wait until they get opposite where we are; the couriers are safe now."

Bill at once formed his scouts, and in a few words told them what they had to do, viz.:

"As soon as we strike them they will scatter. Now you, Buck, take the one going to the right, the furthest, and so on; each man go for his Indian, and don't let up! Bring hair, every one of you!"

At that minute the general yelled out:

"Now at them, Bill, and give them crimson!"

With yells such as only a frontiersman can make, away went our brave scouts, we following after them. It was the prettiest sight I have ever seen. The morning was bright and beautiful—not a cloud in the sky to attract the eye heavenward; and yet forty men would soon be engaged in a deadly conflict which could only end in one way, for the general had ordered a troop of cavalry to follow, in case the scouts got the worst of it, but no one believed they would.

As soon as the scouts yelled, the Indians saw them, and with an answering yell, broke. Then it was each man after his Indian, as Bill had directed, and there was no flunking! You bet!

I followed Bill Cody, and being well mounted kept quite near him. He was after two Indians, finely mounted, whose trappings and head-dresses bespoke them chiefs. As they went around a small rise, Bill saw a chance to head them. It was to jump his horse across a gulch, which was sheer down twenty feet, and was at least fifteen feet wide, with crumbling banks. I was following him at such speed that I could not check my horse, so let him have his head, and with a "Good-by, sweetheart," shut my eyes and found myself over, and, at that minute, heard the ominous whizz of a bullet, a yell, followed by another shot, and then saw that Bill was off his horse and within sixty feet of the Indians, and that one of their horses was down, and that the Indian was try-

ing to release himself from it. The Sioux always tie themselves on, so in case they are killed or wounded they will be carried off. Then a shot from Bill's "old reliable" put an end to his attempt. His comrade tried to make off, when down went his horse. Bill called out to me: "Catch my horse, captain, please!" and dropping his rifle ran on, and the Indian's revolver in one hand and bowie in the other; and he did not give them time to sing more than one note of their death-songs before their bloody scalps adorned his belt. "Yellow Hand" and "White Knife" had started on their way toward their "happy hunting-grounds."

The pursuit of the main body of the Indians was continued by the troops until dusk, and many a blue-coat and red-skin bit the dust before night, with its sable dress, fell, and put an end to the fighting.

The Indians took advantage of the darkness to escape to the Reserve, and a force sufficient to keep them there was left by the general, when we at once struck out for the Big Horn country, guided by Buffalo Bill.

* White, known as "Buffalo Chip," always went with Buffalo Bill. He was killed on 11th September, 1876, at battle of "Slim Buttes."

The mining town which glowered in the not euphonious name of Thunder Gulch had for its nearest neighbor a place of more pretentious limits called Jasper City. Twenty miles of probably the wildest road to be found in our far Western country intervened between the towns, which, strange to say, were not rivals.

Jasper City had a town hall, theaters, pretentious business blocks, and a park. The few magnates who dwelt within its limits were men of much wealth, whose speculations in silver had made them independent and comfortable American nabobs. Thunder Gulch was owned by these men, who lived in splendid style at Jasper, while their vast mines at the smaller place were worked under the supervision of trusted agents.

Among the nabobs above mentioned was a dandified-looking man of thirty-six, whose many fortunate speculations had gained for him the sobriquet of Lucky Dan. He owned much property in Jasper, and held the controlling interest in the mines of the district. Always dressed in glossy and faultless broadcloth, with a pair of light lavender kids on his soft, woman-like hands, with his wealth of dark hair profusely pomaded, and other signs of the dandy on his person, he rarely failed to attract attention. His business letters were indited on initial paper, and he had a habit of affixing the stamp in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope with mathematical precision.

This perturbed ladies'-man was the owner of millions in productive stock, and whether in his elegant office, or at the mines, which he occasionally visited, he was the same Beau Brummell, much to the disgust of the many rough, style-hating men who were obliged to have business intercourse with him.

As the months wore away the fortune of Lucky Dan increased at a rate that threatened to make him the great American nabob of the century. His style of living and personal adornment kept pace with his run of fortune.

But while this daintily dressed and well-to-do Cressus—for Lucky Dan was a latter-day Apollo Belvidere—ruled in Jasper, an evil genius came to Thunder Gulch. He was a little dark-eyed man who possessed a magnetism that was truly wonderful. He had a sharp, thin, and gilded palace of vice to the several which already flourished at the mining town, and, by his cunning arts, soon held the greater part of the custom.

Affairs soon assumed a new aspect at the gulch. The miners, pleased with the new manners of "the Don," as the new-comer was called, spent their nights, with their earnings, at his spacious gardens, and listened to his dissertations on the evil of upholding "one-man power." "The Don" was eloquent, logical and convincing. He succeeded in sowing the seeds of communism among the toilers of Thunder Gulch, and one night the evil culminated in the firing of the vast woodwork of the richest lode, and the death of the overseer, who, true to his master, had opposed the fury of the body.

Thunder Gulch was in a state of excitement. Riot of the fiercest description reigned on her streets, and the few women who lived there kept their precious bodies within doors.

During all this time "the Don" stood behind his polished counter and dispensed drinks to the men transformed by his subtle cunning into fiends. Threats to hang Lucky Dan from a beam in the main mine were openly indulged in, and thousands of dollars worth of valuable ore, with much silver in bars, were flung into the burning shafts.

At last word reached Thunder Gulch that Lucky Dan was approaching from Jasper City at the head of a thousand armed men. The report sobered many a mine, and the Don's power him the less vicious. Preparations were made to receive the force, and the little army that was mustered in the riot-ent mining-town contained all the elements of the Commune.

Let us see who was coming to meet this legion of devils.

Lucky Dan, the "swell nabob," heard of the startling state of affairs while enjoying a game of *carte* with perfumed cards in his office. The messenger gave him a graphic, though uncouth description of the destruction of the shaft, and ventured that nothing short of a little army could stay the riot.

After dismissing the man the nabob resumed the game, playing it out as if the loss of millions had not reached his ears. He ordered a horse saddled and brought to the office.

He said to a friend that he was going to attend to "a bit of business at the gulch," and rode unattended away. His only visible weapons were two exquisitely-silvered revolvers fastened to a belt around his waist, and his only change of dress was the substituting of the plug hat for a broad-brimmed beaver; he still wore the light lavender kids.

It was getting dusk when Lucky Dan entered upon the true mountain road. For several miles it permitted him to proceed at a brisk gallop, and then his steed was obliged to lessen his gait.

The man filled the saddle with the grace of an equestrian king. Lucky Dan's horsemanship had often excited the admiration and envy of the people of Jasper City.

Nine miles out of Jasper two men stood near the road evidently lying in wait for some person expected from the city. They looked like miners and carried the deadly Winchester rifle, and then they were obliged to lessen his gait.

Let no one pass from Jasper—that's the Don's orders," said one. Stand aside, Tom, I'll pink this fellow as soon as he comes between me and the moon."

Stepping boldly into the mountain road, at that spot darkened by the shadows of the cliffs that rose above it, the man waited for the appearance of the Don.

The stillness of the lonely autumn night rendered the sound of ironed hoofs musically distinct, and at length the phantom-like form of a horse and his rider rose against the full disk of the moon.

The red-shirted miner raised the rifle and waited.

"Now!" whispered his impatient companion, "let him have it full in the breast."

Instantly later the mountains resounded with the report of a rifle, and the victim fell forward on the neck of his steed, which, with a snort of fright, bounded on.

The assassin uttered a cry of terror as the horse sprang forward, and barely escaped with his life, as he went past the ambush like a cannon ball.

"Great heavens, Strong! who did you shoot?" cried one of the men, grasping his companion's arm.

The murderer looked wild.

"It was Lucky Dan! Can't you smell the perfume what he wears on his clothes?"

Strong looked up; the atmosphere was laden with the merchandise of the perfumer's shop; but another scent was fast mingling with it—that of freshly-spilled blood.

"Lucky Dan it was! But, Tom, we've been under his iron heel long enough. That's what 'the Don' says, and he's opened our eyes!"

The men looked down the rough road; the horse had disappeared, but the ring of his hoofs came back to them.

Lying on the proud neck of the beautiful beast, with his blood matted the long gray mane, the stricken nabob of Jasper City appeared to be dead.

He showed no signs of life until his horse had put five miles between him and the ambush. Then he straightened himself in the saddle, and gritting his teeth, kept his position there.

"I'll pay the dogs for this!" he said, in a voice rendered husky by the ball from the Winchester. "I wonder if the bullet went clean through?"

He entered upon another stretch of moonlight as he uttered the last words, and his horse, at a word, snatched him and became a walk. Then he tore open the elegantly-studied shirt front, and displayed to his gaze the terrible wound.

It was bleeding afresh, and at each throb of his heart the warm current of life spurted over the ragged edges of the flesh.

"I'll stop the flow till I get to the gulch!" he muttered.

He drew a dainty silk handkerchief from his bosom, and with admirable stoicism crowded it into the wound. It had the desired effect, and managed to strengthen him.

On, on went Lucky Dan, gradually nearing Thunder Gulch.

Day was breaking when a pale-faced, hatless man rode down the hill that rose above the town, and with admirable stoicism crowded it into the wound. It had the desired effect, and managed to strengthen him.

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Thus the situation stood, at the time of our narrative, with a terrible fate in store for the prisoner should the ransom money not be forthcoming at the end of the allotted time, for Red Ramon was notorious for his fiendish cruelty and unflinching rigor. He never made a promise but he kept it; he never made an enemy but he struck at him.

And young Ellsworth had apprehensions for the worst to come, for he knew his father to be one of those stern old spirits who would rather be involved; he must rescue himself.

He arose and paced to and fro across the plateau, using his eyes sharply about him. There was but one way that escape could in any way be effected, and it was hours before he discovered it.

Across the yawning abyss, which was not more than thirty feet in width, at this point, was a twin plateau or rocky ledge, from which escape could be made by passing over a rim, and going down the opposite side of the mountain. But how could this intervening gulch be bridged over? Thirty feet were there; no man could leap that distance.

"I see no hope!" he muttered, sadly, after an hour of devotion to the project; no way was opened up. "I shall have to wait for the ransom."

"But that, even, will not procure your liberty, for after getting it, Red Ramon will demand more, and kill you if it is not forthcoming!" spoke a low, sweet voice.

Young Ellsworth uttered a sharp exclamation, and whirled around to behold a young maiden standing near.

She was remarkably pretty in face, and her form faultless. It took but a glance to convince the prisoner that, like himself, she was an American.

"Who are you?" he interrogated, half admiringly. "Why are you here?"

"I am Eulalia, the lieutenant's daughter," was the reply. "I have come to talk with you. Do you wish to escape before the courier, Palermo, returns?"

"Yes! yes! I wish to get out of this quickly!" was the eager reply. "Can you help me?"

"Undoubtedly; but it would be death to me should my agency in your escape be suspected. I know these brigands better than any one else. Be quiet; I will come at dark."

Then, like a fairy vision, the girl vanished in the cavern. Ellsworth watched her until she had disappeared, then thrust himself upon a rock, and dropped off into a light sleep.

Night had begun to steal with shadowy somberness over the mountains when he awoke, and found that Eulalia had not yet put in her promised appearance.

"What could be the cause of her delay? Had she been deceiving him?"

No; he could not believe that; she had goodness and truth too plainly inscribed in her pretty face and hazel eyes.

"I shall wait," he muttered, anxiously. "But, I cannot see how I can escape unless like Aladdin's genie she can cause a hedge to be built across that gulf."

The moments flew slowly by, and darkness was growing thicker, when, to the prisoner's relief, Eulalia stole out upon the plateau.

She dragged after her a large coil of strong lasso rope, which she had in some way secured.

"We shall have to work quick," she whispered. "For Red Ramon may come to pay you a visit at any moment."

With her fair white hands she rapidly formed one end of the lasso into a slipping noose, and then gathered the remainder of it in her left hand.

"In heaven's name, what do you propose to do?" Ellsworth demanded, his curiosity aroused.

"I'm going to put the noose of my lasso around the stump you see on yonder ledge!" she replied, and then bracing back she hurled the rope with all her strength across the abyss.

Like an air-serpent it shot zig-zag through space, and then the noose settled about the stump.

A smile of triumph was upon Eulalia's lips as she wound the rope twice around the base of a tree close by, and turned to Ellsworth.

"Now as I take in the slack do you draw in on the rope. It must be perfectly taut."

Without a question Olney did as he was ordered, and soon the rope was at a level and well strained.

"Now pull off your shoes. You must walk that rope, or die! Quick! 'tis a choice 'twixt life and death!" she cried.

Ellsworth did not hesitate; he pulled off his shoes, and with firm nerve stepped out upon the slender cord that stood, for him, 'twixt life and death. It trembled and strained fearfully beneath his weight, but, with a face white as death, he kept his balance, and went on. Eulalia stood with dilated eyes and watched him, but suddenly vanished as Red Ramon and a half-score of men walked out upon the plateau, unconscious of what was transpiring there; and ere they could raise a weapon Ellsworth had sprung from the rope onto the opposite plateau, and in a moment more had passed out of sight.

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row, contracted streets, paved with cobblestones, and stuccoed dwellings of peculiar construction; while adjacent looms up the spire of some old church, built in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and its surrounding graveyard of ancient monuments."

At the noble old city of Coblenz the tourist strikes the Moselle—the beautiful Moselle, famed in song and story. Mr. Adams writes: "Coblenz is an important point of the Rhine, as its conjunction with the beautiful Moselle, its fortifications on the opposite bank, being impregnable, and termed the 'Gibraltar of the Rhine.' A delightful drive may be had to the base of the Stozienfels, where we take donkeys to the castle, nearly 400 feet above. This ancient castle was built in the thirteenth century, but was afterward destroyed by the French. The town of Coblenz presented it as a relic to William IV., then Crown Prince, over fifty years ago, who expended half a million dollars on its restoration. It is magnificently furnished; paintings and curiosities of interest in every apartment, and its floors waxed so beautifully that visitors are required to put on overshoes, resembling moccasins, to avoid marring or scratching the delicate flooring."

"We visited also the palace, the summer residence usually of the Empress Queen, who has been prevented from occupying it this season since the attempted assassination of the Emperor. Ehrenbreitstein, with its extensive fortifications also claimed our attention. Its height is 400 feet, and the finest view of the Rhine and its surroundings may here be obtained."

The journey, however, is not up the Moselle but on up the "storied Rhine," passing places memorable for their historic associations or their local beauty, until Mainz is reached—of which the traveler says:

"At Mainz we visited its cathedral, founded in the tenth century, but which has been frequently burnt and destroyed. This ancient cathedral is considered as one of the grandest in Germany, and during the French war of 1814 was used as a slaughter-house. Near the entrance to the cathedral is a statue of Gutenberg, and at another point one of Schiller. The Main flows into the Rhine at this place, and the city is inclosed within a heavy wall thirty feet high. It was founded by the Romans B. C. 14. The citadel, which we visited, is an ancient Roman relic, and remains of a Roman aqueduct are to be seen outside of the city."

Of Strasburg, old Strasburg, so alive with recent romance, he says: